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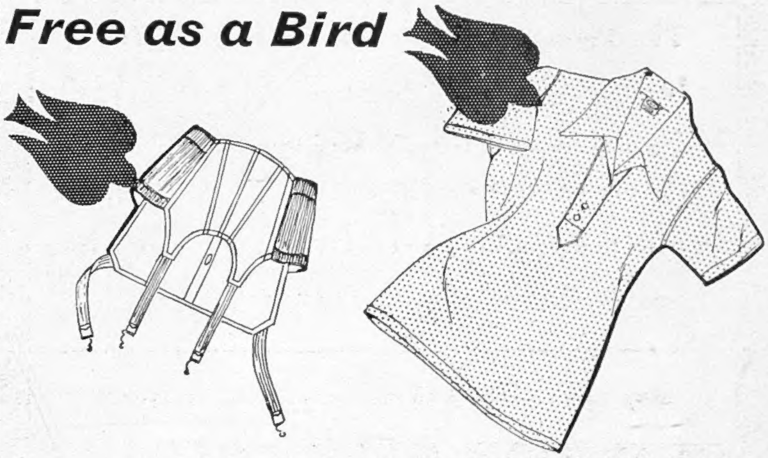

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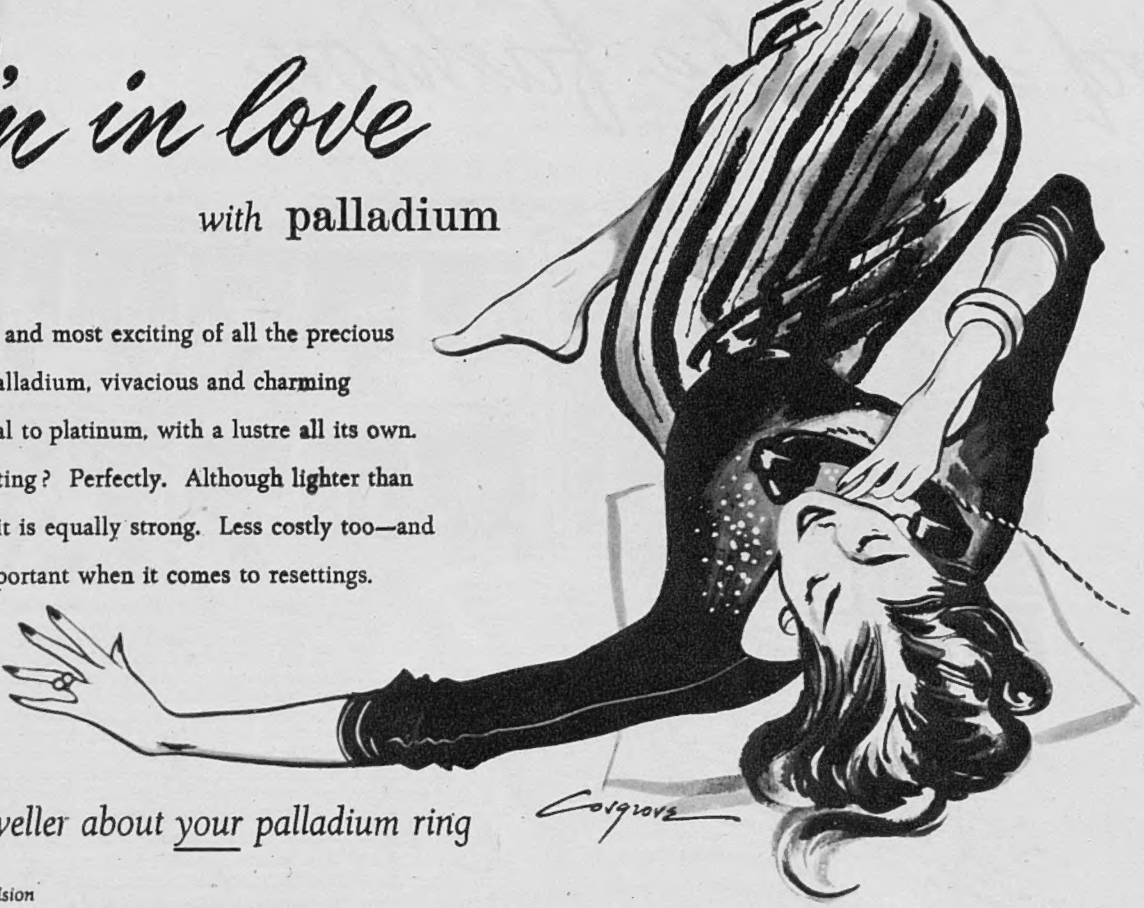

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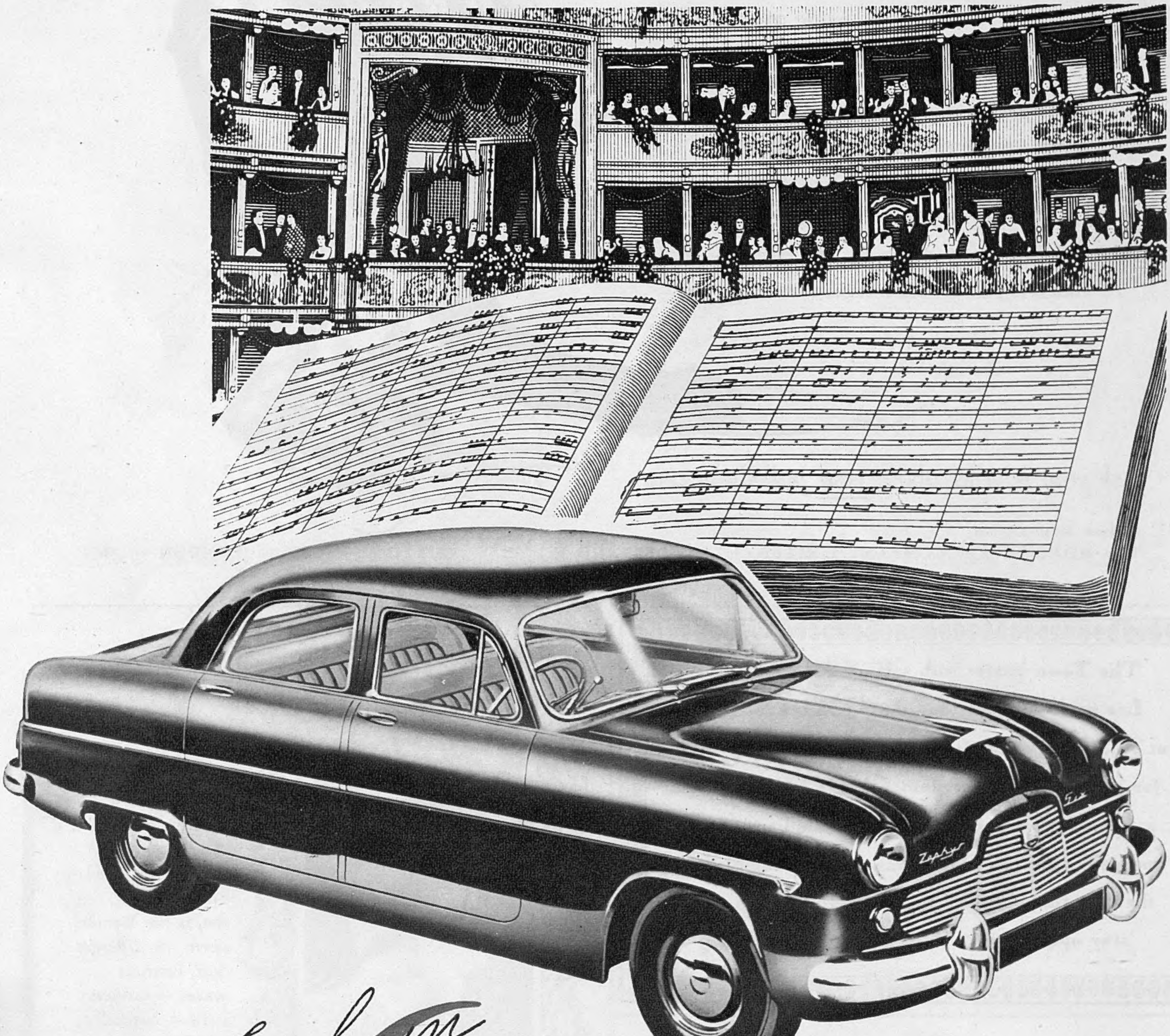

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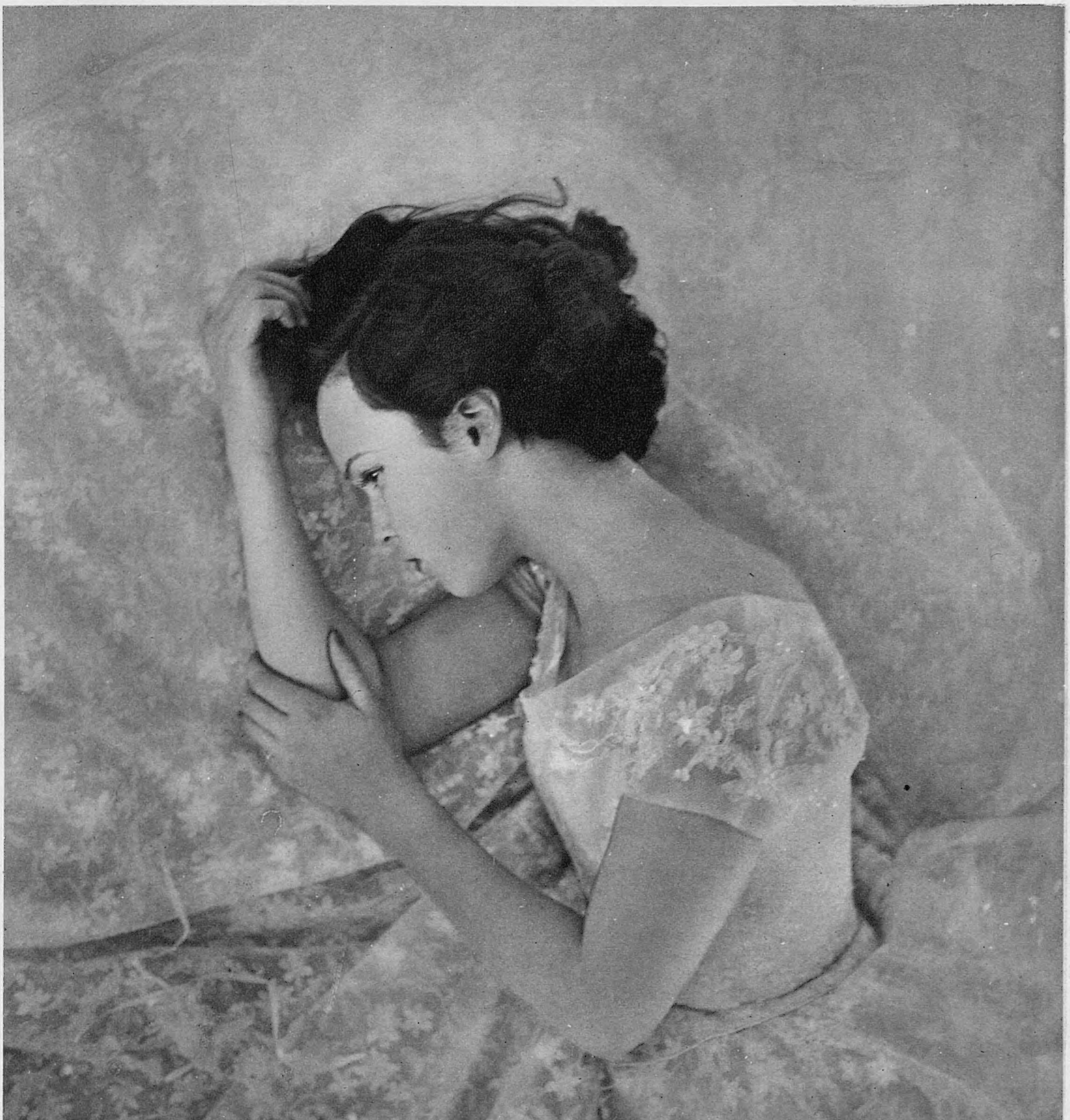


Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

INHERITED LOVELINESS . . .

. . . is the lucky lot of Jennifer Brocas Burrows, one of the most charming and popular of this year's débutantes. Witty, pretty Jennifer has inherited her mother's quick mind and sunny personality along with the looks that made the then Molly Le Bas one of the most famous society beauties of the 'twenties. Mrs. Brocas Burrows is to-day as lovely and as talented as ever, and her friends all feel she would have made quite a name for herself in the art world if she had earlier developed her undeniable flair for sculpting.

THE REGENCY EXHIBITION AT BRIGHTON will be opened to-day (July 14th) by Earl Spencer, at the Royal Pavilion. One of the chief attractions will be in the Banqueting Room, where some of the Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace, lent by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, will be laid out as for a banquet of George IV. Also on view will be Rex Whistler's mural painting (reproduced above) of *H.R.H. the Prince Regent Awakening the Spirit of Brighton.*

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

ONE of the things I find a little distasteful about the modern world is the mass hysteria evinced by non-playing spectators over sporting events. For example, I enjoy watching a Test Match at Lord's for an hour or two. I have a small corner in my heart for Mr. Drobny, but I find it impossible to work up either any great enthusiasm, or by contrast, any great gloom, over our victories or defeats in the games which we have taught the world, and at which now the least regarded Latin-American nation can apparently beat us.

Of all forms of enthusiasm, I find this recent Wimbledon business the most irking. As I say, Mr. Drobny has my warm regard, but why should I at dinner-tables and elsewhere be made to care whether one tennis player scampers across a court more actively than another? However, my family informs me that this is just the signs of increasing curmudgeonliness, and I must confess that once I get down to the place, I find it difficult to leave—almost as difficult as to unglue my eyes from a television reproduction of the goings-on in that pleasant Surrey suburb.

The aspiring and perspiring young gentlemen and ladies are all very well. Their aims on the other hand are limited, and within limits, predictable. The other day, however, I met a man whose task at Wimbledon and elsewhere is to predict the unpredictable, and to calculate the incalculable. He is Mr. J. W. Holton, who is the outside Catering Manager for a famous firm, and who looks after functions such as Wimbledon and the Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Holton, an amusing, imperturbable, plump little man, is probably one of the greatest students of met. reports in this country. The smallest failure at Adastral House can mean an immense disturbance of his calculations. He told me that with Wimbledon, for example, he has to make up his mind at six o'clock on the previous evening what the weather is likely to be, and make his decisions accordingly.

The basic facts of life for him at Wimbledon remain, apparently, the same. That is to say, 35,000 pieces of china, 24,000 glasses and 19,000 pieces of silver (knives, forks, and spoons), together with 450 garden tables, 1,540 chairs, 84 cash registers and water boilers with a total 1,800 gallons capacity. This is only, of course, for the public catering and excludes the members' enclosure and such sustenance as competitors and umpires may need.

The weather, of course, is of desperate importance to Mr. Holton. In hot weather at Wimbledon, his boys will have to serve 15,000 ice-creams. In the sort of weather we had this year, that figure may slump to 300 or 400. Iced-coffee will average, in a decent June, 340 gallons a day. In the sort of June we have just had, it will drop to 20. Pastries, sausage rolls and meat pies are similarly vulnerable, as are soft drinks, but sandwiches and cake have a fairly constant turnover. Most vulnerable, because so perishable, are strawberries, of which he would hope to sell 600 lbs. if it is hot, and less than half that amount if it is cold. Bath buns, with an average sale of 14,000 a day, seem to be fairly constant. Indeed, I gather that

Mr. Holton keeps up his sleeve a tactical reserve of 1,000 of them which can be rushed in to fill the gap if necessary.

Pleasant as it is to see the "young Barbarians all at play," I must say I find Mr. Holton's side of it more interesting.

Incidentally, the change in forty years cannot be better exemplified by the fact that an uncle of mine who was asked to play in a doubles match at Wimbledon against Brooks and Paterson, the famous Australian pair, wrote back and said he was very sorry but he had arranged at that time to go salmon fishing in Norway! Can you imagine any of these highly-strung, publicity-conscious young men of to-day making a reply quite like that?

I MUST confess that in spite of the white wine, which is obviously designed for parties at which women are in a majority (Mem: ask my old friend George Ronus, the admirable Managing Director of the Dorchester, where he thinks that one up), I greatly enjoy the Foyles Literary Luncheons. Not the least enjoyable was the one I attended recently to launch Cecil Beaton's new book, where I had the pleasure of sitting between Lady Juliet Duff and Lady Norwich.

Lady Juliet is, of course, well known to anyone with an interest in the political, literary and social life of London. Young Lady Norwich, the daughter-in-law of the ever-beloved Duff Cooper, is of a beauty so startling that I was, at first, at a loss to account for it. Then I remembered that she is the daughter of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, and that her mother might well have qualified for Burke's picture of Marie Antoinette. *"Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision."*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF POWIS

Richard Marientreu painted these fine portraits of Lord and Lady Powis, whose ancestral home, Powis Castle, in Montgomeryshire, one of the most beautiful and historical spots in Wales, is now in National Trust keeping. The Castle's site dates back to about 1200 and it is remarkable that, although battles, deaths and marriages have sometimes caused the estates to be handed on through the female line, the Castle has never in its history been sold.

Cecil Beaton made a first-class speech in reply to the Chairman, Beverley Nichols. (Why, I asked myself, does he remind me so much of Mr. Douglas Byng, and I mean Mr. Douglas Byng in ordinary life and not dressed up as "Minnie, the Messy Old Mermaid," or "Flora MacDonald, the Hen of the North"? Perhaps it is something in that classical Roman profile.)

I was happy to be able to listen to Mr. Nichols, who, as usual, spoke with the wit and fluency which one (naturally!) expects from an ex-President of the Oxford Union, without embarrassment. For in the early days of the "Phoney War," Malcolm Muggeridge (now Editor of *Punch* and then in the Intelligence Corps) and I spent our spare time writing a book which has never yet seen the light of day, consisting almost entirely of quotations from the published statements of columnists with whom we were not always in agreement. I can now reveal to Mr. Nichols that a whole chapter of this unpublished book—unpublished because Malcolm was sent to Madagascar or Lourenço Marques or somewhere, and I to Portugal—was devoted to him. Somewhere among the papers which tend to engulf my house, I have the manuscript. One of the quotations—and Mr. Beverley Nichols must forgive me if I quote from memory—came from one of his earlier works on gardening. It began with the electric words: "*Dahlias have never been fond of me, so I have made up my mind never to be kind to dahlias.*" I am glad, on the whole, that the book was never written, as Mr. Nichols is as delightful a writer as he is in his post-war years a wiser man.

HOW difficult it is to predict success for one's contemporaries! I remember that in the early '30's a lot of us used to lunch daily at the Old Temple Bar Restaurant, opposite the Law Courts. Hilaire Belloc and Jack Squire used to preside at the *Stammtisch*, and the regular company consisted of the brilliant Peter Belloc, who, like the equally brilliant Christopher Hobhouse, was killed in the war, Patrick Hamilton, now Sir Patrick Hamilton, the leading industrialist, Derek Walker-Smith, now an M.P. and a Chairman of the much-discussed 1922 Committee, John Boyd-Carpenter, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Edgar Lustgarten, Quintin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham, John Betjeman, Brian Davidson, then a lawyer and now one of the leading Directors of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, A. J. Irvine and David Renton, both now M.P.s. None of us knew then what laurels were awaiting us.

I FOUND the dinner of the Coningsby to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Disraeli, another agreeable occasion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was the principal speaker and made a speech which was as witty as it was vigorous. Indeed, someone described it as a speech which was "well to the right of Rab." My neighbours on this occasion were Gilbert Longden, who sits comfortably for Hertfordshire, S.W., and Hamilton Kerr, who sits a trifle less comfortably for Cambridge.

"Ham" keeps his young-middle-aged good looks by continuing the athletic endeavours which justly won him fame as an international runner. He lives in a block of flats near Westminster, where one of the other distinguished inhabitants is Lord Montgomery. I feel that even the Field-Marshal must be a little shaken at seeing "Ham," clad in shorts, careering madly round the roof-tops for a mile or two every morning!

In the same week I attended the inauguration as Mayoress of Kensington of Alderman Lady Petrie, and met at that function undoubtedly the richest clergyman (on paper) in London. He is Prebendary Stanley Eley, who, as vicar of St. Mary Abbots, owns 14 acres of land, just off Kensington High Street. I believe that on paper his income—though Prebendary Eley has long ago surrendered it to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of £20,000 a year, which is no mean number of spondulicks even in these days. Lady Petrie wore her robes and badge of office with a dignity and grace which it would be refreshing to see emulated by other civic dignitaries. I could not resist saying to Pat: "Mayors are born free but everywhere they are in chains"—a quotation from a famous work by Jean-Jacques O'Brien.

1. The place is a country house somewhere in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The period is during that of the Hungarian Revolution. The day is Thursday, when the friends of the Countess Rosmarin meet for conversation. On this Thursday, the Countess has spent the day driving in deep snow, and she returns, exhausted, bringing with her Richard Gettner, her daughter's worthless ex-husband, a deserter from the Hungarian Army, from which she now proposes to shelter him. *Left:* Belmann (Hugh Griffith), Dr. Kassel (Peter Bull), the Countess (Dame Edith Evans), Stefan, her son (Peter Barkworth), Gelda, her daughter (Margaret Johnston), and Gettner (James Donald). *Right:* Exhaustion after a difficult day.

4. The two soldiers, Beppy and Rusti (George Murcell and Peter Halliday) have been persuaded to ignore Gettner, and now entertain the Countess with a dance. Meanwhile Stefan, horrified at the risk his mother is taking and feeling himself responsible for Peter's capture, has challenged Gettner to a duel.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

The Dark is Light Enough

Christopher Fry's play is at the Aldwych Theatre. It is a play about responsibility. It says, in Mr. Fry's own highly decorative way, some simple and important things about the interdependence of human beings, and what it has to say is not the less important for being scooped and scrolled into amusing shapes, or for being situated in a place and time far from our own. It is a "serious" play, and it is also a sunny play, shot through with winter sunlight reflected from the snow, and illuminated also by the dying radiance of the Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg, to whom Dame Edith Evans brings the perfection of her art and craft.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

5. Stefan has been wounded, perhaps dangerously. The shock is momentarily too much for the Countess. "*My body sometimes tells me,*" she says, "*I'm not here for ever.*"

6. Stefan, convalescing, realises that his mother is seriously ill, and tries to see her. In the world outside, the Hungarian Army has been gravely defeated.

2. In exchange for Gettner, the Hungarians have taken Gelda's second husband, Count Peter, as a hostage. Also, they have moved the Countess into the stables.

James Donald as Richard Gettner.

Richard sometimes reminds me of an unhappy
Gentleman, who comes to the shore
Of a January sea, heroically
Strips to swim, and then seems powerless
To advance or retire, either to take the shock
Of the water or to immerse himself again
In his warm clothes, and so stands cursing
The sea, the air, the season, anything
Except himself, as blue as a plucked goose.

Dame Edith Evans as the Countess.

. . . How apparently undemandingly
She moves among us ; and yet
Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighbourhood
As nowhere else.

3. In the stables, Gettner is hiding. If he keeps in hiding, he will be safe, for the Hungarians have not the time to search the house and grounds. But, drunk, scared of solitude and stimulated by what he has overheard said of him, he leaves shelter to join the others. Peter (Jack Gwillim), who has been wounded, is now of the party.

7. It is Thursday. Even dying, the Countess does not miss a Thursday. She walks slowly downstairs—"*When the last Thursday comes, which may be this one, I should like to be there.*"

8. Slowly, on a tide of conversation, the Countess has died. And Gettner realises that she has not sheltered him because she cared for him, but simply because he is a man.

Our Bookshelf

HALF TERM REPORT. By William Douglas Home. (*Longmans, Green and Co.* ; 15s.)

A RIVER FULL OF STARS. By Elizabeth Hamilton. (*André Deutsch* ; 13s. 6d.)

THE WHITE SPARROW. By John Moore. (*Collins* ; 10s. 6d.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

CRESS DELAHANTY.
By Jessamy West. (*Hodder and Stoughton* ; 12s. 6d.)

THE POOR SCHOLAR'S TALE.
By H. W. Freeman. (*Chapman and Hall* ; 12s. 6d.)

THE GOLDEN WATERWHEEL.
By Leo Walmsley. (*Collins* ; 12s. 6d.)

MOTHER-SIR.
By Tats Blain. (*Victor Gollancz and Co.* ; 13s. 6d.)

SLIDE RULE.
By Nevil Shute. (*William Heinemann* ; 18s.)

NATURALLY we are not in the least deceived by Mr. Home's nonchalance in the summing-up of his autobiography *Half Term Report* :

> *It was most assuredly independence that led me, via Eton, Oxford and the Army, to a convict's cell in Wormwood Scrubs.*

for we recognise that he is inclined to dismiss his orthodox childhood and education with a dash of flippancy, an admirable device to keep himself on this side of self-pity.

Born in Edinburgh in 1912, the youngest son of Lord Dunglass, his childhood was spent in their picturesque family home in Berwickshire, on the banks of the Tweed, opposite to where the garter fell "*while Lady Salisbury was dancing with the third Edward.*" The thirteenth fairy who is supposed to attend our christenings gave William Douglas the blessing (or curse) of an exceptionally obstreperous character; all through his half-mocking descriptions of a conventional story-book sort of youth, his restless questioning brain kept on dodging about, backwards and forwards and sideways, refusing safety and an orderly progression from the present to the future. A swift survey of his career shows him singularly lacking in reverence to William Douglas Home, as to everyone else.

As a good start, he was sent down twice from Oxford; trained as an actor at R.A.D.A.; wrote a promising play called *Great Possessions*, which ran for six weeks, a promise later fulfilled by *Now Barabbas* and *The Chiltern Hundreds*; early in the war, when already in the Army, got himself mixed up, as they say, in politics, but never as a blind partisan of one party or another. Finally—or perhaps not finally—our individualist made his supreme refusal to conform by that courageous gesture of protest at Le Havre, against his C.O.'s refusal to have 26,000 French civilians removed to a place of safety before battle; a protest which cost Home his commission and then his liberty. The letter he wrote to the Press explaining why he had not obeyed orders is already well known in bare outline, but here at last we have the inside story, honestly set down and free from histrionics. The truth may be that the author has never learnt (nor probably ever wanted to learn) to keep his trap shut. Neither, apparently, did his sentence of a year's hard labour teach him the value of expedience; which may be because expedience has little value, and rancour even less; so that it is never on a whining note that he describes the humiliations, half-sordid, half-comic, of a gaol-bird's existence, remarking of Wormwood Scrubs that it shares "*to an almost unbearable degree, the cold impersonal austerity of any public lavatory.*" His portrait of the Chaplain—the same man who saved Ivor Novello's reason—shows a deep appreciation of the Reverend Meredith Davies' humanity and humour: "*He made us feel that he was the prisoners' friend. I think, in fact, he was.*"

"WOULD you like a *contrast*?" the zealous lady behind the counter has often suggested when we were trying to match a difficult colour; and "would you like a contrast?" may fittingly introduce, after *Half Term Report*, the delicate style of Miss Hamilton's informal autobiography *A River Full of Stars*. With a vision always swift, pure and gay, all her recollections are steeped in glamour until the sad moment when her father's farm was no longer a paying proposition; so their home near Dublin was broken up and they went to Florida to seek their fortune. The pages of their disillusion and punishment for having come so far in an almost incredible state of trustful ignorance, are stamped with a growing horror; and it is a relief when, after months of desolation peopled dangerously with mosquitoes, alligators and swindlers, the outbreak of war in 1914 brings them back again: "*In my father's mind only one course was possible. He would rejoin his regiment.*"

What predominantly emerges from the chronicle of their subsequent financial difficulties, is her spontaneous sparkling fountain of thankfulness for any new experience alike of pleasure and pain, neither ever to be wasted; over and over again we get the author's impression that she is indeed fortunate, where, instead, she might easily have betrayed bitterness at the harsh poverty and frequent uprootings which followed her father's long illness and untimely death. Maybe a good autobiography does nearly always work out as a thankful autobiography, not from any conscious wish to create pleasant reading, but because evil forgotten and beauty remembered must balance harmoniously. Nor does she ever catalogue her impressions as though she were walking us ruthlessly up and down the aisles of a picture-gallery; we should soon weary of landscape shown to us second-hand, but here we are in the charge of an author who is also a true artist, and catalogues can be thrown away.

I WOULD say that *The White Sparrow* is Mr. Moore's only unnecessary character in his story of a happy little half-caste boy, offspring of a white mother and a coloured father who live in a village in the Wye Valley, told with such compassion that the word loses the slight air of patronage sometimes associated with it. For this Tommy is no forlorn waif whimpering a plea: "*Mislike me not for my complexion*"; he is, in fact, allowed to remain for many years unaware of anything wrong with it as complexions go; because there is real kindliness in the village, and wherever he goes he finds fun and friends. When his huge, dusky, rollicking father, Cholmondley Debrett, donkeyman on board a collier, is away at sea, Mr. and Mrs. Tansy more or less adopt the little boy, and he grows up with their daughter, Gillian.

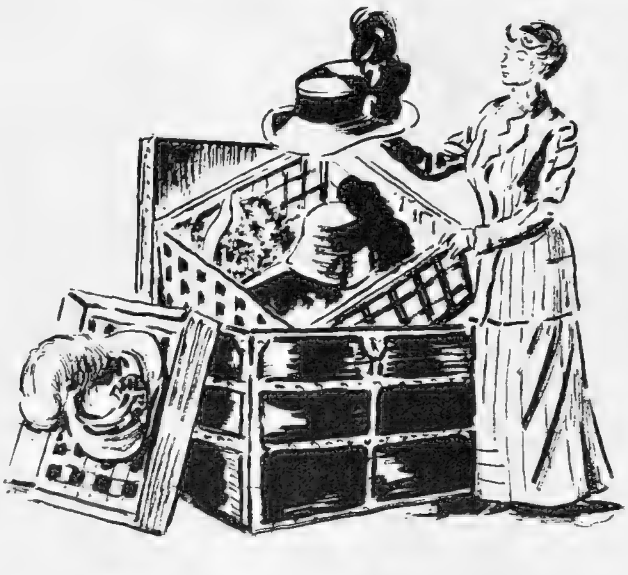
Another local family, the Ardblasters ("*an uncompromising you-be-damned sort of name*"), with a small farm on the edge of the Forest of Dean, also make him warmly welcome as the chosen friend of their own son Denis; even the atmosphere of school contributes to the paradisaical assurance of belonging, of being at home in a beneficent world. He is equally lucky in his headmaster, Mr. Randall. It is a first-class idea, too, to endow Tommy with special proficiency in a game so essentially English as cricket; no need, therefore, for him to play "in his own backyard."

Trouble begins when he is sixteen, and he and Gillian fall in love, a Romeo and Juliet idyll. The Tansy parents, left to themselves, would probably have continued lenient, but gossip and prurient curiosity will not suffer tolerance to have its way; the boy and girl have to be first enlightened and then separated. . . . And in place of his dream, Tommy acquires a terrible new wisdom when his father, home on leave, tries to explain to him with unexpected tenderness: "*If you're dark you got to put up with it.*"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

N for Navigate

(*Deportment of a Manual Labourer*)



Mr. Beaton's own "Aunt Jessie," with her hat-boxes.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION"

In his book, *The Glass of Fashion* (published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at 21s.), Cecil Beaton reviews with nostalgia the modes and morals of the past fifty years. Wittily, with pen, pencil and camera, he shows the changes in fashion corresponding with the social changes in the world. He displays for us the glamour and gaiety at the century's beginning, the First War, the wild 'Twenties, the anxious 'Thirties, another War, and the drab, democratic present day, as a background to the beauties, personalities and those around them, in the fashionable world and the world of fashion.

One of the exotics of the century: the Marquesa of Casati, in 1909.

Audrey Hepburn, 1954, a troubled sprite in blue dungarees.

Greta Garbo, whose beauty influenced a whole generation.

Forzane, one of the last of the real "*demi-monde*."

Strictly Biographical: 12.

By Louis T. Stanley

Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M.

MEETING Vaughan Williams was a rare experience: one I shall not forget. The time passed too quickly. Hours later I began remembering and reflecting . . . I was back in a spacious white room where everything pleased the eye, and, through the eye, roused pensive wonder. The surroundings were expressive of the composer. I recalled him as a majestic, leonine figure, reticent on any subject about which he had not already made up his mind, and extremely reserved when it touched him personally. Even so, I believe that the artistic tranquillity of recollection comes easy to Vaughan Williams; his difficulty has perhaps been to find sufficiently strong feelings to remember. He has all his life, it seems, been more interested in examining the wrinkles in the sand left by the tide than in bathing in the sea. His genius is a genius for reverie: phase after phase in his own life, reflection after reflection, image after image, turn and evaporate like wreaths of smoke. The mood of reverie is a quiet, patient one; poignancy of emotion is foreign to it.

West Country Influence

Vaughan Williams was born in Down Ampney. He still carries traces of a Gloucestershire accent; in fact, the West Country influence has never left him. It went with him to Charterhouse, Cambridge, and the Royal College of Music, in the same way that Dvorak took Bohemia to New York. In this respect Vaughan Williams might be likened to Thomas Hardy. Both found that independence of vision was first generated by locality rather than personality. I would extend the comparisons and liken the composer to Milton, William Blake, and Shakespeare. Milton's landscape is primarily English, and behind Vaughan Williams' music I can discern a similar vision of the English countryside. The influence of the English scene persists even in works whose avowed setting is a foreign land; for instance, there is no trace of the East in Vaughan Williams' *Job*: the flocks are in an English pasture. Shakespeare's dramatic range is found not only in the composer's operas, but in the *London Symphony* and *Five Tudor Portraits* with occasional flashes of typical Shakespearean wit and warm sympathy. In Vaughan Williams you can find the imaginative drawings of Blake's designs, his Biblical imagery, and remote mysticism. Milton, Shakespeare, Blake, and Hardy are distinguished names in our English tradition. Vaughan Williams is at ease in their company . . . a great Englishman composing music, magnificently, serenely, and simply.

Analysing his works I have to assume the reader's knowledge of Vaughan Williams' music. It is a questionable assumption, for in England there are many who know much about music, few who know much music. The average repertoire is very limited. That may account for the tardy recognition of Vaughan Williams by the English public. In a way the hesitancy is understandable, for in parts his music is impolite. It is possible not to like it—after all, that is merely a matter of taste—but it is impossible not to respect it. Half-a-century of composing has conferred immense stature of international importance on Vaughan Williams, though the meaning of his utterances is still in proportion to one's knowledge of music.

The Search for Truth

The beginning of Vaughan Williams' search for musical truth occurred when music in England was courted through foreign channels. Singers struggled to master every sound except those found in the English vocabulary. The first choice was Italian, followed by German. It was the period of the *Yellow Book*, which was at once the fine flower and the shrine of the perverse in art and nature. Its mission was to preach in the exquisite drawings of Beardsley the linear beauty of moral ugliness, and to inculcate in its prose such nonsense as Wilde's "*The highest function of the artist is to make perceived the beauty of failure.*" Probably the only drawing in the book which Waugh can have approved was the immensely dull frontispiece by Leighton. But hypocrisy was ever the English way, and to preface this book of orchidacity with Leighton's *Study of Two Mutes at the Funeral of Hecuba*—which is not the proper title—was to ensure the patronage of Grosvenor Square. Into this curious welter of pseudo-art mingled with German-thinking, Italian-singing disciples came Vaughan Williams, conscious that, while the English people were prepared to accept the Russian in Tchaikovsky, the Dauphinois in Berlioz and the Basque in Ravel, they were reluctant to acknowledge the Englishman in their own composers.

Vaughan Williams' remarks on this subject made over forty years ago, still have relevance to the present state of music in England. He emphasised that we were too fond of looking on music as a matter of detached appreciation. The English amateur believed with Rossini that there were only two kinds of music—good and bad—and if he could afford it, he preferred to import, together with the best brands of cigars and champagne, the best brands of music also. The connection between music and everyday life was entirely severed. Music, the subtlest, most sensitive, and purest means of self-expression, was supposed, Vaughan Williams observed, to be on a plane by itself, a thing detached from its surroundings, a mere sensation to be enjoyed by the epicure.

The cultured amateur might say to the composer, "What have you to offer me better than the great Masters? I have my Bach, my Beethoven, my Brahms. They are enough to satisfy me; or can you show me more subtle harmonies than Debussy, more striking orchestral effects than Strauss? If not, why should I bore myself by listening to you or trying to play you?" No doubt the English composer was not anything like so good as the Masters, nor could he do such wonderful things as Strauss and Debussy, but, asked Vaughan Williams, was he for this reason of no value to the community? Was it not possible that he had something to say to his own countrymen that no one of another country could say?

Avoiding the Second-Hand Mantle

Vaughan Williams argued that when the English people realised that the composer was their own voice speaking through his art, those things that they could only dimly grope for—then indeed the English composer would be wanted if only he were ready. Too many composers thought of composition as a series of clever tricks that could be learnt and imitated; were content to write operas which only equalled Wagner in length, symphonies made up of scraps of Brahms at his dullest, or pianoforte pieces which were merely crumbs from Debussy's table. It was all very well to catch at the prophet's robe, but the mantle of Elijah was apt, like all second-hand clothing, to prove the worst of misfits. Vaughan Williams posed the question—how was the composer to find himself? How was he to stimulate his imagination in a way which would lead to his voicing the sentiments of himself and his fellows?

Folk-song was instanced as a worthy study of all musicians, the germ from which all musical developments ultimately sprang. He argued that instead of going to concerts to hear the finished product, composers ought to be concerned with the raw material, such as the lilt of voices joining in a popular song at a music-hall, the rousing fervour of an evangelistic hymn, St. Paul's and a great choir singing in one of its festivals, Welshmen singing a hymn at an international football match, innumerable occasions when music is required to give full expression to the emotion. He argued that we must cultivate a sense of musical citizenship. The composer must not shut himself up and think about art. He must live with his fellows and make his art an expression of the whole life of the community.

Vaughan Williams has certainly applied this method to himself. His art has grown out of the very life of the community in which he

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

lives, the nation to which he belongs. The years of composition have been one long process of development. His work shows his Englishry most firmly. At one time it looked as if he were about to establish a national school, but he forsook the *cul de sac* in which are to be found the majority of minor composers of the late nineteenth century and followed his own thoughts. He has, in fact, preferred independence and individuality. Thus he has evolved a musical style which is comprehensive and an openness of mind which makes each new work surprising.

Saturated with England

At times he is a remote composer, as in *Flos Campi*, in the *Magnificat*, and the *Piano Concerto*, yet his music is through and through saturated with the English people, with all the limitations of our odd, complex character. He himself recalls being told that some of the English music which appeals to us at home is considered smug by foreign critics. He was delighted to hear it because it suggested to him that our English composers have some secret which is at present for our ears alone. Maybe an insular reaction, but one that confirms the tenet that national music is personal music tinged by the cultural background of a nation.

What future generations will say of Vaughan Williams it is impossible to forecast. Every genuine artist has an individual speech. Hearing the music we know something of the man. The music of Vaughan Williams uses dissonance not as a new language but as an enrichment of the old. It admits tension but accepts repose as something due to the mind. There is in much of his music something that recalls the English countryside, where there is often no challenge to the eye but a pervading tenderness of harmony and outline. Ralph Vaughan Williams is part of England. His nationalism is not conscious. There is no pastiche, no affectation. His music is a breath of the open air of England.

Lord and Lady Hesketh.

The Hon. William and Mrs. Douglas-Home beneath a portrait of Thomas Norton Longman.

Lady Edith and Mr. Ivan Foxwell.

HALF-TERM REPORT

Helena writes, "Mr. Mark and Lady Elizabeth Longman gave a cocktail party to celebrate the publication of the Hon. William Douglas-Home's autobiography, *Half-Term Report.* Many well-known people were at the party, which was held in the library of one of the two eighteenth-century houses which comprise the offices of Longmans, who hold the distinction of being the oldest family firm of publishers in the world. Mrs. Douglas-Home was at the party and, with her husband, received the congratulations of the guests. Though Mr. Douglas-Home is an established playwright, this is his first narrative work. It is reviewed on page 8 of this issue."

Photographed by Van Hallan.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Johnston.

Mr. Mark and Lady Elizabeth Longman.

Photograph by Portman Press Bureau.

GOD-DAUGHTER TO THE QUEEN

Her Majesty the Queen is godmother to the baby daughter of the Earl and Countess of Euston, and with Prince Charles and Princess Anne attended the christening at Hampstead Parish Church. The baby was christened by the Dean of Winchester and received the names of Virginia Mary Elizabeth. Her other godparents are Lady Brabourne, Miss Barbara Ponsonby, Mr. Dermot Musker, and Mr. Ronald Pilkington. This charming picture was taken after the ceremony and shows her Majesty with the baby, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and the Earl and Countess of Euston with their two elder children, Viscount Ipswich and Lady Henrietta FitzRoy.

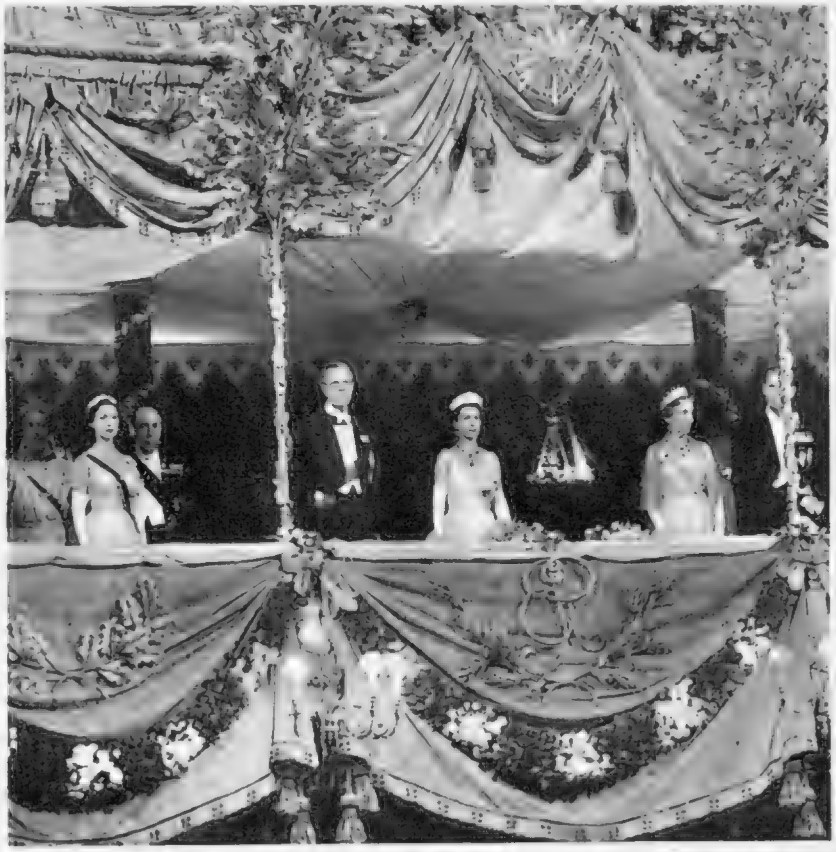
Our Social Diary

Gala Performance

THE fairy tale opera *Le Coq d'Or* was a perfect choice for an evening of unforgettable splendour at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, when a Gala Performance was given in honour of the King and Queen of Sweden during their recent State visit. Their Majesties with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were met by the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury on behalf of the Government, who were hosts for the evening. Inside, the auditorium presented a wonderful spectacle. The Royal box, which for this occasion was in the centre of the grand tier, had crimson and white roses massed among the exquisite blue and gold *décor* by Oliver Messel, and each tier was decorated with curving wreaths of laurel and gold embroidered tassels. Yeomen Warders, in their historic uniform, were on guard, and the lights gleamed on the beautiful jewels, orders and decorations worn by many members of the distinguished audience.

Ten trumpeters of the Life Guards took up their positions across the stage and sounded a fanfare to herald the arrival of the Royal visitors, whilst everyone in the audience stood and faced the Royal box. The Queen, wearing the pale blue ribbon of the Swedish Order of the Seraphim with her white lace dress, entered with King Gustav, and Queen Louise, wearing a dress of silver brocade, was escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh. Members of the Royal Family included Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal. H.E. the Swedish Ambassador and Madame Hägglöf were among those in the Royal box, on either side of which were seated members of the Diplomatic Corps and of the Government. Among the many beautiful women, I thought Madame Mendoza, the wife of the Cuban Ambassador, looked outstanding.

Viscount Waverley, who, amongst others, had the honour of being presented to Their Majesties during the evening, sat in what is ordinarily the Royal box with Viscountess Waverley, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, and the Earl and Countess of Haddington, the latter looking lovely and wearing a magnificent tiara. The Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds, Earl and Countess Alexander, Sir David and Lady Maxwell Fyfe, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee were but a few of the distinguished gathering there on this memorable occasion.



THE SWEDISH ROYAL VISIT : Their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret in the Royal box at Covent Garden at the Gala Performance of *Le Coq d'Or*. An account of the evening is on this page.

Dance for Lady Rosemary Mackay

MRS. FRANCIS TOMPKINS, who is over here on a visit from America, has been staying with her stepson, the Earl of Inchcape, for the London season. With her has been her daughter by her first marriage, Lady Rosemary Mackay, who came out this year and for whom Mrs. Tompkins gave a dance at Lord Inchcape's London home in Regent's Park. For this occasion, three yellow-and-white-striped marquees were erected in the gardens at the back of the house. One of these served as a ballroom, and a floor for dancing was especially constructed; the walls were softly draped with white hangings swathed with gold, and were lit by gilt candelabra, and candelabra were also suspended from the ceiling. Supper and refreshments were served in the other marquees.

Rosemary looked very attractive as she stood with her mother and Lord Inchcape to welcome their guests; near by was her grandmother, the Ranee of Sarawak, who was greeting many friends. In the ballroom marquee I saw the Earl of Euston dancing with his wife, who was wearing a dress of pale blue patterned brocade, Miss Caroline York, looking very attractive in a pleated chiffon dress and dancing with Mr. Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Gloria Abbey in green, Mr. Billy Abel-Smith, and Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, whose mother, the Countess of Lindsay, was among those who gave dinner-parties for the dance. Included among the guests were H.E. the Cuban Ambassador and Madame Mendoza, Earl and Countess Jellicoe, and Lady Janet Bailey with her son Captain Nigel Bailey, R.N.

S.S.A.F.A. Searchlight Tattoo

FOR the third year in succession the Searchlight Tattoo, in aid of the S.S.A.F.A., was held at the White City Stadium. As I had not been to an entertainment of this kind since before the war, I was delighted to receive an invitation for the second evening's performance, at which the Salute was taken by Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. I enjoyed the performance enormously. Every item in the programme was perfectly organised and displayed, culminating in the superb spectacle of the ceremony "Beating Retreat," by the massed bands of the Royal Marines, and the Muster Parade in the finale.

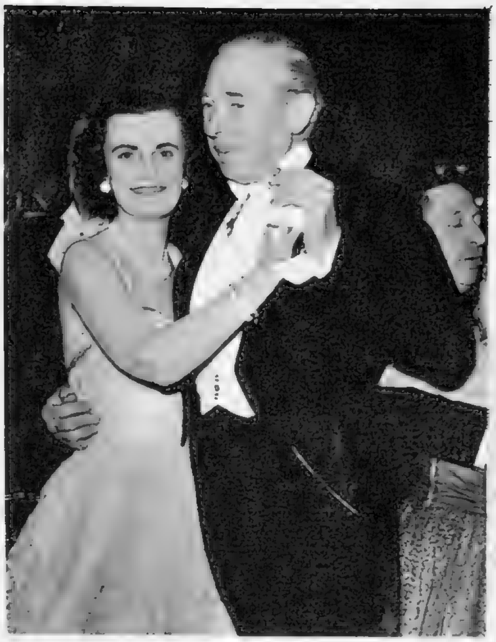
Guests dining with Sir John and Lady Harding included General Sir Cameron and Lady Nicholson, General Sir Ouvry Roberts, Lieut.-General Sir Reginald and Lady Denning, and Maj.-General George and Lady Ida Johnson. Among others present were H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, Viscount and Viscountess Melgund with the Hon. Dominic Elliot, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, Lord and Lady Ampthill, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, and Major the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester.

Private Dance

QUITE one of the most successful dances of the season was that given at the May Fair by the Countess of Listowel for her niece, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, with Mrs. Anthony Wingfield and Mrs. Christopher Firbank for their daughters, Deirdre Wingfield and Belinda Firbank. It was a coming-out party for all three girls, each of whom looked charming in her ball dress — Edina in pale yellow, Deirdre in emerald green, and Belinda in white embroidered muslin. Among the earliest arrivals were Lady Listowel's daughter, Lady Deirdre Hare, who was escorted by Mr. Billy Wallace, and Brigadier Anthony Wingfield's married sister, and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Peter Hordern.

Many of those who had given dinner parties for the dance came on afterwards, including the Countess of Dunraven with her daughters Lady Caroline and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Lady Illingworth, Lady St. John of Bletso, and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley with their attractive daughter Diana. A cabaret with that wonderful artist, "Hutch," added to the gaiety of the evening. Other guests I saw enjoying this very good dance included the Earl of Dumfries, the Hon. Grania Wingfield, Miss Fiona Munro, looking very pretty in black, Miss Janet Illingworth, and Mr. Timothy Thornton.

ANGLO-FRENCH BALL: Lady Melchett (*left*) with Viscountess Bearsted sold raffle tickets at the Ball, which was held in aid of the French Hospital in London.



AIR LEAGUE BALL: The Duchess of Argyll dancing with Air Vice-Marshal Thornton at the Ball, which was held at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane.

MISS EDINA DE MARFFY-MANTUANO, a niece of the Countess of Listowel, in the dress she wore at her coming-out dance, an account of which appears on the opposite page.

Embassy Reception

ONE of the most delightful evenings I have spent recently was at the Italian Embassy when H.E. the Ambassador and Madame Brosio gave a party for more than a hundred guests, at which three leading artists from Glyndebourne sang. After being welcomed by our host and hostess in the upstairs drawing-room, we enjoyed some light refreshments, and then moved into an adjoining room, where chairs had been placed in readiness for the recital. The next hour was one of enchantment for me and, I am sure, for all the guests. The three artists, Antonio Cassinelli, Juan Oncina, and Graziella Sciutti, ably accompanied by Peter Gellhorn at the piano, sang one after the other, and their repertoire included arias from Italian opera, and other songs.

Antonio Cassinelli and Graziella Sciutti are newcomers to Glyndebourne this year, and the latter's lovely voice is matched by her extreme good looks. All too soon the concert came to an end, and we then went downstairs, where a most delicious buffet supper was served in the hall and dining-rooms at candle-lit tables seating six or eight people. At one of these I joined Brigadier and Mrs. William Carr with the latter's son-in-law, the Marquess of Lothian, and Madame Barracala, whose husband and very pretty daughter were also at the party.

One of the most beautiful women was Lady Elizabeth Hofmannsthal, who wore an ankle-length Grecian-style dress in pale-yellow chiffon, and was accompanied by her husband. Two Ministers of the Government enjoying a respite from their duties were Sir David Eccles, with his wife, and Mr. Anthony Head, with Lady Dorothea Head. I also saw Countess Jowitt, Lord and Lady Hore-Belisha, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell. Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster, wore a lovely dress of champagne-coloured tulle embroidered with gold paillettes, and Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, was in oyster satin. Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady (Noel) Charles, Lord and Lady Killearn were also among the guests. Before I left, I was able to tell both the Ambassador and Madame Brosio how very much I had enjoyed the evening.

Wedding

LILIES, peonies and gladioli formed the all-white floral decorations at St. James' Church, Piccadilly, for the wedding of Miss Susan Pease, daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Pease and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, to Mr. Archibald Kidston, son of the late Commander Glen Kidston, R.N., and Mrs. Reginald Sheffield. Sunshine streamed through the windows of the church, which was filled to overflowing with relatives and friends of this very popular young couple. Mr. Jeremy Lowndes was best man and the ushers were Mr. Martin Soames, an uncle of the bridegroom, Mr. Timothy Sergison-Brooke, Colonel Kidston-Montgomerie, and the Hon. Harry Cubitt.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a diamond necklace with her dress of white embroidered organza. Three young pages, Reginald Sheffield, Mark Toller, and James Pleydell-Bouverie, with their scarlet tunics of the Lincolnshire Regiment making a brilliant splash of colour, accompanied the child bridesmaids, Fiona McGowan, Emma Wood, and Laura Sheffield, who looked enchanting in full skirted, tiered dresses of white organdie. The same style and very pretty dresses were worn by the two older bridesmaids, Fiona Sheffield and Camilla Belville.

After the service, which was conducted by the Archdeacon of Stow, a reception was held at Hutchinson House. Here we were welcomed by the bride's parents (Mrs. Smith-Bingham looking very smart in a mushroom silk pleated dress with a black hat), and by the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Sheffield, with her husband, the former in a lilac hat and a royal blue dress. Their elder daughter, Serena, looked most attractive in a white dress and a large cerise hat.

Other relatives of both families included Lady Windham, the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. Kidston-Montgomerie with her daughter Philippa, Mrs. Charles Toller, Mr. and Mrs. George Sheffield, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood. Also Mrs. Martin Soames, with her attractive daughter Elfin, who will be coming out next year.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH were among the visitors at the Royal Highland Show, which was held at Dumfries.

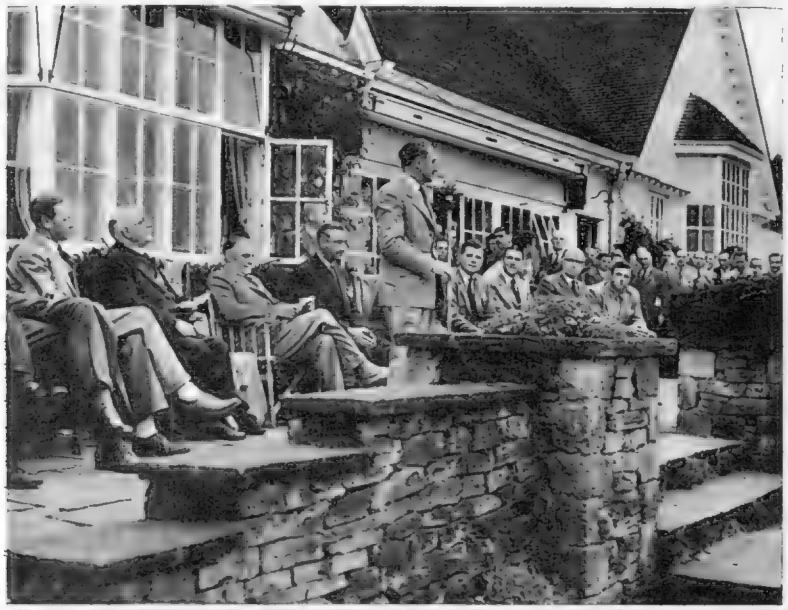
Guests included Viscount and Viscountess Galway, Lady Caroline and Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, and Captain John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan with Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, who looked very *chic* in a black suit with a white shawl collar, and a white straw hat threaded with cherry velvet ribbon. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward came with her sister the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham was escorting his very pretty sister, Joanna, and other people I saw were Major and Mrs. Dermot Daly, Colonel Dudley Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, and Mr. and Mrs. David McCall.

The bridal couple left to spend their honeymoon in the South of France, the bride wearing a blue silk shantung suit and a mushroom hat.

Helena

PRINCESS MARGARET'S SEALYHAM, *Ilmer Johnny Boy*, bred by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, won First Prize in his class at the Sealyham Terrier Breeders' Association Championship at Windsor. Sir Jocelyn Lucas here joins the dog in admiration of the prize.

BATH: Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, opened the exhibition of Flower Arrangement at the Octagon, Bath, on July 1st. With her (*right*) in this picture is Mrs. R. A. Gerrard, who was chairman of the Exhibition Committee.



LITTLE ASTON: Major Huskisson, O.B.E., M.C., addressing the spectators on the conclusion of the DAKS Golf Tournament on June 25th from the terrace of the Little Aston Golf Club.

HERE AND THERE

The pictures reproduced on these pages come from many parts of the country and embrace a variety of subjects. Not even our present unseasonable weather could mar the Royal Show at Windsor; on the second day, July 7th, when her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Show, the attendance was the largest since 1950. Her Majesty watched events, toured the exhibits, and was pleased to accept the gift of a Dartmoor pony for Prince Charles. On the first day there was a pageant showing the Royal Buckhounds in the decade of 1810 to 1820; which was produced by the Duchess of Beaufort with a cast of sixty; our picture on the opposite page shows the Duchess with two members of the cast. Henley was chiefly distinguished by the victories of the Russians in the Grand Challenge Cup, the Stewards' Cup and the Silver Goblets, while, on the other side of the diplomatic Iron Curtain, the U.S. Embassy held a garden-party on July 5th to celebrate Independence Day (July 4th—which, this year, fell on Sunday), and the American Society in London held its annual Independence Day dinner at the Dorchester, at which the guests joined in singing such old-time songs as *My Old Kentucky Home*, of which the words were printed on the menu. At Little Aston, Peter Alliss won the DAKS Golf Tournament, with Bobby Locke as runner-up; at Bath, competition was as fierce, but less physically strenuous, in the Exhibition of Flower Arrangement, for which there were 155 entries from societies in the south-west of England.

HENLEY: (*Left to right*) Mr. R. H. Symonds (Cambridge coach), Mrs. Lyman, Miss Elizabeth Symonds-Taylor, Lady Symonds-Taylor, Admiral Lyman (U.S. Naval Attaché), Mr. Rex Symonds and Admiral Sir Richard Symonds-Taylor, R.N. (retd.).

THE BRAZILIAN EMBASSY: (*Left to right*) H.E. Senhor Samuel de Souza-Leão Gracie, the Brazilian Ambassador, Mrs. J. Maitland, Mme. Gracie and Commander Maitland, M.P., at a reception on June 29th for members of the U.K. Parliamentary delegation to visit Brazil.

WINDSOR : At the Royal Show. (*Above*) The Duke of Gloucester with Colonel Blewitt, Secretary of the Show. (*Below ; l. to r.*) The Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Dill and Mrs. V. O. Kingscott, all three in the costume of 1810–20.

JULY FOURTH CELEBRATIONS : (*Top*) The Egyptian Ambassador and Mme. Hakki at the U.S. Embassy garden-party. (*Centre*) Lord and Lady de L'Isle and Dudley at the American Society's dinner in the evening, and (*Below*) Mr. Aldrich, the Ambassador, with Mrs. John Dodge.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Just a Mocking Smile

ONE of my prized clichés is "with a mocking smile," which used to be as frequent in fiction as, say, "I don't understand!" in the theatre. Lately I have not run across it, but it recurred to me while hearing two recent plays. One, *East Lynne*, at Sadler's Wells, is Victorian melodrama presented with a mocking smile, or—more correctly, perhaps—with a self-conscious guffaw. Again we are asked to believe that Mrs. Henry Wood's tear-stained tale of Lady Isabel is, unintentionally, one of the funniest ever written.

If I am obliged to differ, it is because I have frequently known the old play to fix its audience when presented quite straight. It is often just absurd, and at Sadler's Wells they have made it sillier by choosing a blend of an American pirated version and an old English "fit-up" script. Even so, it can still be seen that the piece has a bold melodramatic flourish. Rosalinde Fuller, the Lady Isabel, could not disguise this. And, when we come to think of it, the death of Little Willie is not really a rich subject for burlesque. For all that lugubrious singing, and the later angel-in-the-house, the scene at Sadler's Wells was not very funny.

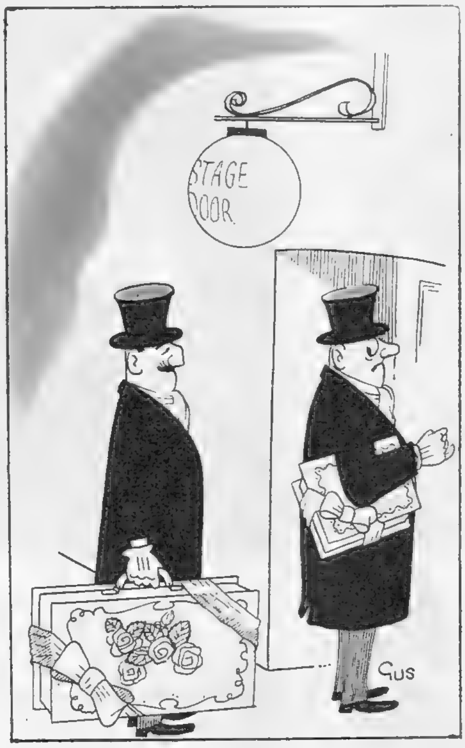
Apart from the suitability of *East Lynne* for burlesque, Victorian parody is surely old-fashioned by now. We have had a lot of it through the years, and nobody manages to say anything very new. On all guyed melodramas we turn much the same mocking smile, and my own smile is beginning to glaze.

Agreed, there are some useful things at the Wells. It is funny when James Carney and Derek Oldham deliberately "upstage" each other, retreating towards the backcloth. And it is extremely funny when the same pair turn suddenly and fiercely to irrelevant patriotism. "*We don't want to fight,*" Lord Mount Severn observes, "*but, by Jingo! if we do——!*" That is the cue for—but you will hardly guess what: I will merely hint at it. The Russians shall not take Constantinople. Britannia, with full complement of "auxiliaries," is a welcome guest at East Lynne.

It is funny later when James Carney, as Archibald Carlyle, chooses to sing "*If those lips could only speak*" in the middle of his picture gallery. Indeed, Mr. Carney, limp, trusting, distracted, vague—four of his weapons—is one of the true consolations of the night. Derek Oldham's Mount Severn is a dozen decanters of Madeira; Joan Young is a lively dragon; and Molly and Nancy Munks, besides proving that domestic service at East Lynne is a job for life, are uncommonly versatile in other directions.

Edgar K. Bruce, who has adapted the play, turns in a tuppence-coloured performance of Sir Francis Levison. If we still enjoy the snarling, hissing villain, all cloak-and-cigar, posing under the ominous green "spot," then Mr. Bruce is enjoyable. But Levison could be a much more polished parody. To me he sticks out now like a sore thumb. London Bridge at Night, the "grand metropolitan scena," runs on dolorously. By the middle of the third act the business has frayed. "I don't mind it," said a lecturer once, "when people look at their watches; it's when they start to shake them that I begin to worry." And I have to confess that, in spite of the resource of much of Dennis Arundell's production and the competence of much of the acting, I began to shake my watch. Happily, remembering myself in time, I assumed a mocking smile. At heart I wondered what works from the repertory of 1954 a playgoer of eight or nine decades ahead might select as good, clean, unconscious fun. There are one or two candidates.

IT hardly seems probable that *We Must Kill Toni* will be a candidate. I shall be surprised if its name is remembered then. This comedy (Westminster) is a mild piece in which Ian Stuart Black glances with a mocking smile at a dear melodramatic situation: the heiress who must be dispossessed, preferably by death. The villains are two brothers called, agreeably, Oberon, types fully as sinister as the Fairy King (according to Mr. Guthrie's recently-expressed view of him). The brothers, who are given to wearing kilts—some obscure Scottish ancestry, I think—consider a variety of possible deaths for Cousin Toni. They discuss them over the port while their family butler, an aged, aged man who probably came over with the Conqueror, totters in now and again with a sage remark in Richard Goolden's incomparable bleat.



No one who has ever entered a theatre will expect Cousin Toni (Dulcie Gray) to crash from a cliff, to slither from a tower, or to use any of the gay little traps provided for her. So, to entertain us, Mr. Black must get everything he can from the carefully grandiloquent treatment of his joke. (And we ought, presumably, to be excited in spite of ourselves.) The actors do a lot. Michael Denison and Alan MacNaughtan, cheerfully but perhaps unwisely stylised, have a nice wooden-soldier manner: I should like to see one of them as Sir Francis Levison. Miss Gray considers a murky world with wide-eyed wonder; and Mr. Goolden knows the village apothecary. Now and again the dialogue has the correct mock-serious rumble. But Mr. Black is not inventive enough to keep the thing going all night, and at the last poor Toni falls between several stools. At the *première* our mocking smiles were uneasily worn. Were we smiling with the author or at him? Ah! well!

I DARE say that, at *Sir Thomas More*, by Divers Hands (Theatre Centre), mocking smiles were worn by those who doubted Shakespeare's share in the play. I am quite ready to accept it—which is big of me—and, out at St. John's Wood, it was pleasant to "collect" the speech, More's oration to the May Day rioters, which is reputedly in Shakespeare's script (Hand D). The play, devoted to creating the virtuous character of More, moves slowly, and it was not accelerated by an "arena" production in which the actors gyrated around a stage in the midst of the audience. But Brian Way had some sound ideas; Michael Beint's More led the cast with fervour; and every now and then—it was agreeable to listen for them—lines sparked out that might well have been Shakespeare's. If one's neighbour listened to them with a mocking smile, he was attributing them to one of the other Hands (don't forget the Divers).

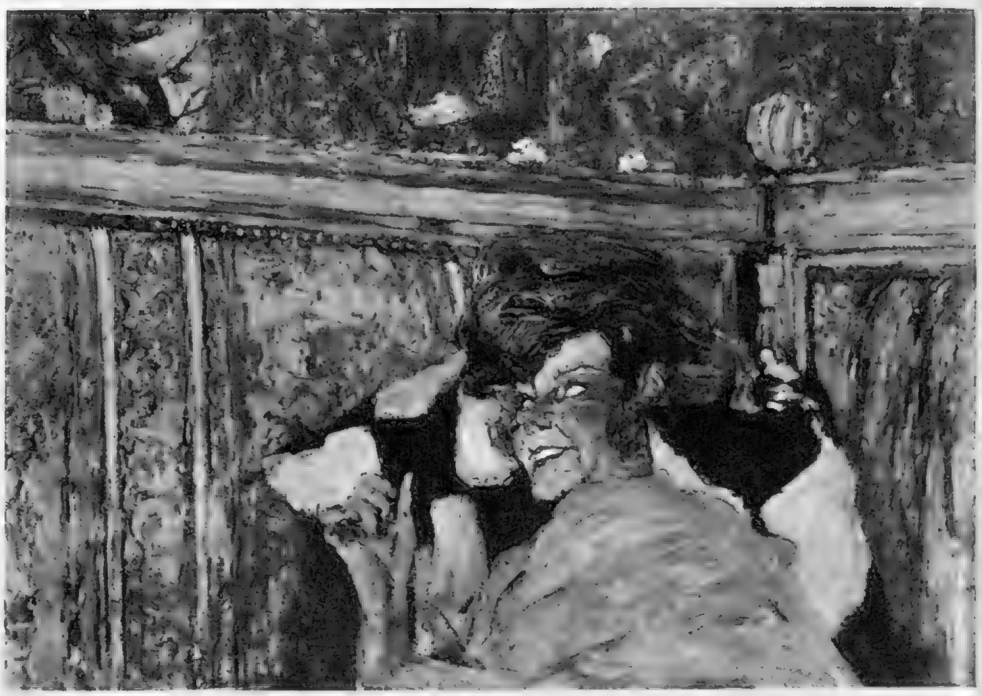
THERE was diving at the London Casino, though no longer in the swimming-bath of that silliest of musical plays. The new piece, a comedy called *Two-Nil In Our Favour*, was the first programme of the Moscow State Puppet Theatre. Even if it seemed unhappy to choose a full-length play with a good deal of explanatory speaking in Russian, the handling of the puppets—controlled from below and with no strings to worry the eye—was fantastic in its craft: especially a skating scene and the football stadium, cunningly-suggested. "*Those profane professors of puppetry, little better than poetry!*" snorted Justice Overdo in *Bartholomew Fair*. He was right—though he did not mean it—to mingle poetry and puppetry. At times in this Casino performance they were near allied. We are grateful, without the trace of a mocking smile, to Sergei Obraztsov and his company.

Finally, we have been smiling at twenty years of revue as distilled into a New Watergate programme called *Reprise*. It is an anthology of revue songs and sketches, and it calls upon productions, from the deep backward and abysm, that even such a mumbling Nestor as the present critic can hardly recall. The life of the best revue number is short. It was kind, then, of Peter Myers to make this selection, sometimes wise ("*Mr. Henderson,*" "*Orient Express*"), sometimes not, but usually well served by the presence of Gabrielle Brune, Hugh Paddick, and, in particular, Noel Dyson, with those laughing, mocking eyes.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"YOU 'RE NEVER OUT OF MY CRYSTAL, MRS. VAN HOUSTEN."

LA GITANE A LA MANDOLINE ; by Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot (1874). The "gypsy" was Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer.



YVONNE PRINTEMPS AND SACHA GUITRY ; by Edouard Vuillard (c. 1920). Vuillard was associated with the theatre all his life, and designed a number of stage sets. This picture was painted when Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry were having their first successes.

L'ARTISTE ; by Edouard Manet (1875). A portrait of Marcellin Desboutin, painter and playwright, and a friend of all the Impressionist painters.

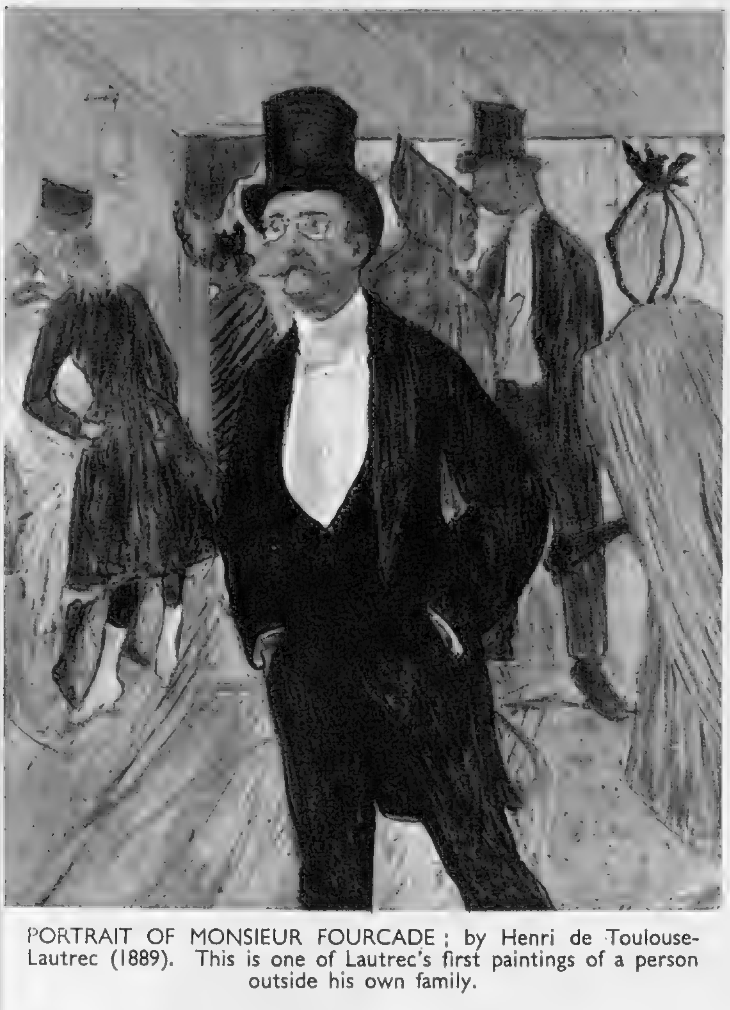
PORTRAIT OF CONSTANCE DE LOWENDAHL, COMTESSE DE TURPIN DE CRISSE ; by Jean-Honoré Fragonard. One of the strikingly beautiful representatives of the *Ancien Régime* before the French Revolution.

A BRAZILIAN COLLECTION

The collection of paintings of the São Paulo Museum of Art in Brazil, "the youngest museum in the world," has been built up during the last seven years. Paintings from the collection have already been exhibited in Paris,

PORTRAIT OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY ; by Hans Holbein (1541-43). Henry Howard, the "Poet Earl," was the cousin of Henry VIII. He was beheaded in 1547.

LE COLLEGIEN ; by Vincent Van Gogh (1889). Camille Roulin was the small son of the postman at Arles, whose whole family Van Gogh was eventually to paint.



PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR FOURCADE ; by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1889). This is one of Lautrec's first paintings of a person outside his own family.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN ; by Pablo Picasso (1904). The model is Suzanne Bloch, and the picture was made towards the end of Picasso's "blue" period.

Brussels, Utrecht and Berne, and may be seen at the Tate Gallery until August 15th. Inevitably a collection built up largely by gift will show a certain bias, and the São Paulo Collection is particularly rich in French Impressionists. Nevertheless, confining ourselves to portraits alone, we have been able to choose work that comprehends the coarseness of Holbein, the delicacy of Fragonard, and the caricature of Toulouse-Lautrec.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

International Understanding Goes Off the Air

WELL, Eurovision has come and gone. Has it gone for ever? When I asked that question the other day—to quote Samuel Goldwyn—"all I could hear was a dead silence." That is, to-day I was told: "There is no news at present. We hope, of course. . . . But there are no plans, at the moment, for continuing the international television network." It does seem daft—doesn't it?—to make such a huge endeavour and achieve such brilliant results, only to tear the whole thing down again at the end of four weeks.

Expense! "Eurovision is far too expensive to keep going as a permanency," is the bleat one inevitably hears when one protests at this Gilbertian waste of effort. Apparently this, the most potent weapon of peace which man has yet evolved, is too great a burden for the exchequers of the countries involved. Now I am no statistician, but I would like someone to tell me the comparable cost of maintaining the network to building a hundred tanks, say.

Perhaps the door is not altogether closed. But surely it would have been better to leave it wide open and continue with Eurovision, finding the ways and means as it went along? All I can see happening now is a series of committees sitting endlessly in an argy-bargy that may or may not produce results. Meanwhile the equipment will either rust or be dismantled, leaving the European skies open to discord when they should be carrying radio waves of international understanding.

These bitter thoughts were somewhat ameliorated when I put on my Old Roystonian tie and went along to a Press conference which inaugurated the "Study Course for Producers and Directors of Educational and Cultural Television Programmes." ("St. Royston's," by the way, is the nickname which has been given to the periodic television producer's course, run by Royston Morley.) This course is different from the one I attended earlier this year, inasmuch that it is not for the benefit of television tyros, but for experienced men and women from ten countries belonging to U.N.E.S.C.O., which is its sponsor. The object is that these good people should swop their know-how, for the period of a month, with mutual benefit to all. If—as seems highly likely—these ten delegations (including the opposite poles of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.) manage to reach common ground, then St. Royston's will have achieved more than Geneva. "*From small beginnings . . .*"

HAVING, since the last issue, spent a restful—albeit damp—week in the Scottish Highlands, miles out of sight of the nearest television aerial, my viewing has been rather restricted. I returned to London—and to the cathode ray, to face a positive battery of Russiana. One saw the Soviet conquerors of Henley in a brief and embarrassed appearance in *Guess My Story*; one met a delightful new television personality in Sergei Obraztsov, who introduced a short and delicious programme by the Moscow State Central Puppet Theatre; and—and there was a performance of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*.

SYLVIA OVERMAN

LISA STRANZ

SIR ALAN HERBERT

ORMOND DOUGLAS

T.V. PERSONALITIES: To find artists with genuine Southern American accents is always a problem in this country. But Dennis Vance, who produces *Halcyon Days* (July 18th and 22nd), was lucky enough to engage the well-known American actress, SYLVIA OVERMAN, for one of the leading parts. LISA STRANZ will be singing a Spanish song in *Quite Contrary*, July 21st. Although she has lived for some time in Spain, she actually hails from Salzburg, where she began her musical studies at the famous Mozarteum. SIR ALAN HERBERT, the gentlest and most English of all modern satirists, will be featured in the fourth of the *Spice of Life* series on July 17th. His interests and memories, from which the programme will be drawn, range from the Houses of Parliament to public houses. ORMOND DOUGLAS, who has until recently been appearing in the West End musical, *Paint Your Wagon*, will make his television *début* on July 19th, in *Show Case*. One of Australia's leading musical comedy stars, he had a broadcast series built round him in his own country.

Not being an intellectual snob and consequently disinclined to pass into a dead swoon of admiration at the mere mention of the great dramatist's name, I have never been able to regard *Three Sisters* as anything but colossally tedious. My one point of contact with Olga, Irina and Masha is that they should be whisked off to Moscow with the least possible delay; so that their two-hours traffic on the television screen was altogether too much for me. Which is a pity, for there was much good acting—especially from Rosalie Crutchley as Masha, Walter Fitzgerald as the decrepit doctor, Walter Hudd as the schoolmaster and Paul Rogers as Vershinin. Also there was a sensitive and elegant production by Harold Clayton—though I wish he could have prevented the pace from getting slower and slower and the atmosphere heavier and heavier, until the final fade-out seemed almost redundant.

For a time it seemed as if *Wilderness of Monkeys*, by Peter Watling, was going to boil up into a first-rate play about the jangling emotions which incline to sway life at an English public school. There was conflict between swotter Miller and games-fiend Pemberton, conflict between sports-master Payne and academic housemaster Reynolds—even conflict between the school's matron and Pemberton's mother. The rocket was all set to explode in a grand bang of dramatics. But, alas, the ingredients got mixed all wrong and in the end only produced a trite fizzle. The direction by Chloe Gibson, production by Dennis Vance, and performances hardly rose above the competent, though I except Mr. Reynolds as portrayed by John Robinson, who has raised the expression of patient martyrdom to a fine art.

I am not yet prepared to say that *News and Newsreel* is any momentous leap ahead of the good old newsreel in the presentation of the topical moment. It strikes me that still pictures and maps are the natural companions of the printed page of a newspaper and that the spoken commentary demands a moving scene for its illustration. Maybe it is yet too early to finalize an opinion, but I did find the first *News and Newsreel* rather halt and lame.

One always presumes that the glittering display of jewellery, favoured by various ladies appearing in Panel Shows, is paste. Otherwise uncomfortable things might happen to the wearers. To-night you will have an opportunity of seeing the fate of wearers of real jewellery on Panel Shows, when the new serial by Donald Wilson, *The Six Proud Walkers*, sets out on its adventures.

On Sunday, July 18th, television's magic carpet takes us to the Deep South (with a second call on July 22nd), in the shape of *Halcyon Days*, by James Dyrenforth. This is a tale of the fears and prejudices ruling in the Kentucky of 1905. The following Sunday (July 25th) brings us glacially to Central Europe with a shortened version of *White Horse Inn on Ice*. The First Night of the Proms on July 24th will no doubt be the usual mixture of popular classical music and rapt, eager young faces. While, if you prefer verbal to musical fireworks, there is Shaw's *Misalliance* for you on July 27th.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Diplomatic Hostesses: The Marquise du Parc Locmaria

The wife of the Belgian Ambassador was photographed in the spacious drawing-room of the lovely Embassy residence in Belgrave Square. She has been in this country for a year and, like so many mothers in the diplomatic service, is separated from part of her family—her grown-up son is in Belgium—but is fortunate in having her seventeen-year-old daughter at school in England. The Marquise indulges a love of flowers with a roof garden, window-boxes and beautifully-arranged bowls and vases of flowers throughout her home. With her husband, she has driven all over the country—"right up the East coast and down through the West," she told us. "I loved it, because previously all I ever saw of England was about three days in London every Christmas before the war, rushing around shopping!"

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

À la Recherche du Temps Perdu

MY DEAR ROBERT,
We are in the middle of a heat-wave which has caught me, as heat-waves always do, without any thin clothes, so after sweltering for three days in a tweed skirt, I rushed to our Cathedral City to buy myself a cotton frock.

"Certainly, Modom," said the shop-assistant. "How about this?"

"Well, not pink, actually. You see, I have three grandchildren."

The Assistant raised her eyebrows as though I had said something in bad taste. "I see. Does Modom fancy anything of this nature?"

"A bit dowdy, isn't it?"

"As Modom pleases. Aye would have said it was most suitable. This style in beege is being worn a great deal this year."

"Not by me."

The Assistant sighed. I knew I was being tiresome, but I was determined not to get a frock I was going to hate. There was a time when a determined shop-assistant could sell me practically anything, but poverty has made me, quite literally, a Tough Customer, and I turn the shop upside-down, as they say. But at last I found, on my own, a little number which I knew to be My Frock, and why the Assistant had kept it hidden from me I shall never know, unless she wanted it herself.

As soon as I got home, I took my new frock round to Faith to hear what she thought of it. I found her, with Lady B., in the garden playing the hose on her naked children as they capered and screamed on the lawn—a pretty sight. Faith liked my new frock so much she said she would give a picnic for it.

"Picnics," said Lady B., who was in the reminiscing mood induced by deck-chairs and shady lawns. "When I was young we picnicked continually, but they seem to have gone out of fashion."

"More 's the pity," said Faith, and she fixed the hose into the handle of the garden fork and came and sat down beside us.

"Of course," said Lady B., "in those days we picnicked with elegance, driving to the Spot in carriages, dressed in long muslin frocks and mushroom hats and holding tussore sunshades lined with green."

She was dreadfully compromised.

"Mushroom?" said Faith. "Do you mean mushroom in colour?"

"No, shape. They turned down all round. Nobody wore them except at picnics."

"But sometimes mushrooms turn up."

"No, Faith," I said, "that 's toad-stools."

"Let it pass," said Faith. "Why the tussore sunshades lined with green?"

"To protect our complexions."

"Blow me down!"

"One girl I knew always covered her face with a blue gauze veil at a picnic as well as having a sunshade."

"How could she eat?"

"She used to raise her veil when she got into really deep shade."

"Was her skin good?" said Faith anxiously.

"Lovely. But she became very wrinkled in early middle-age."

"Thank goodness!" said Faith, whose golden, summer skin leaves little to be desired. "I saw myself going about in a blue veil for the rest of my life."

"We sat in the shade," said Lady B. dreamily, "with the pointed toes of our shoes sticking up out of the muslin, and footmen handed us salmon mayonnaise and glasses of champagne."

"Tell us about the young men."

"They lay at our feet with drooping moustaches and gazed up into our eyes. Sometimes they played banjos."

"They lay at our feet with drooping moustaches."

"I can't bear it! It 's not fair you should have had so much."

"After luncheon we strolled about in twos. The picnic hostess had to do a lot of manœuvring to get us paired-off right."

"With your tussore sunshades up?"

"Of course."

"What happened to the girl in the veil?"

"She strolled too."

"Well, nobody could possibly have kissed her," said Faith with satisfaction.

"Oh, but they did," said Lady B. "Once, when she came back from strolling she 'd forgotten to pull down her veil again. Of course, she was dreadfully compromised. The engagement was announced at once."

Faith leant across Lady B. and looked at me earnestly. "You see, Henrietta," she said, "Lady B. has had those lovely times—whatever happens to her, she 's had them."

"Yes," said Lady B. with quiet triumph, "even if I die in the workhouse I 've known the gracious, spacious days."

* * *

FAITH'S picnic which she gave in honour of my new cotton frock wasn't in the least like the picnics of Lady B.'s youth. To begin with, Mrs. Whinebite turned up in a frock exactly like mine and gave everybody to understand I had deliberately copied hers. The picnic was held on a lonely part of the beach and I 'm sure Faith, who has been going to London theatres lately, hoped we would behave like certain stage giants when they had their Day By The Sea, and lay bare our stricken souls, but nothing whatever was laid bare—not even Colonel Simpkins, who insisted upon bathing but went modestly round the other side of the rocks to do it, so that all we saw was a bald head bobbing far out at sea. Mrs. Whinebite kept on telling me how much better our cotton frock suited her than it suited me—one of Faith's children cut its foot on a piece of glass and there were a lot of flies. The Admiral and the Conductor had a long talk about selective weed-killers—Mrs. Savernack threw stones—Mrs. Admiral knitted and Mrs. Whinebite watched Colonel Simpkins' bobbing head through field-glasses and expressed great anxiety for his safety, to which Little Mrs. Simpkins replied tartly that Harold was a good swimmer and in no danger at all.

As we stumbled back to the Cliff Path over the pebbles, I said something to Lady B. about picnics not being what they used to be. Lady B. looked at me in astonishment. "But, Henrietta," she said, "it was a *lovely* picnic!", which made me wonder whether it might not have been the people, not the times, which were gracious and spacious.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

How much better our cotton frock suited her . . .

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

JAROSLAV DROBNY : For Literally "Carrying Off" the Trophy.

Thirty-two-years-old Jaroslav Drobny, born in Czechoslovakia, resident in Egypt, married to an English girl, was a popular winner at Wimbledon on July 2nd, when he reached the final of the Men's Singles Championship for the third time, to win it against the outstanding Australian player, nineteen-years-old Ken Rosewall. Here, Drobny proudly poses on the centre court with the cup presented to him by the Duchess of Kent.

REGINALD MAUDLING : For Faithfully Chewing Over All He Bit Off.

JIM PETERS : For Running True to Form.

Left : When Mr. Reginald Maudling, M.P., Economic Secretary to the Treasury, asked TV viewers to dial Abbey 9000 with "awkward questions," he little realised more than 700 viewers would respond to the invitation—but he'd promised to answer each one personally, so he gritted his teeth and got down to it ! *Right :* Marathon champion Jim Peters has been selected to captain the thirty-man athletic team representing Great Britain at the Empire Games in Vancouver from July 31st to August 7th. Jim himself is naturally in the marathon, but is also running in the six miles event. Good luck, Jim !

IAN HEEPS : For Starting as He Means to Go On.

This elegant small person "pulling on his white gloves"—no doubt preparatory to "brushing down his tails"—is six-years-old Ian Heeps, of Falkirk. Ian, here hopefully eyeing the trophies to be won, was a competitor in the Juvenile Old Time Dancing Championships of the Scottish Dance Teachers Alliance, held in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, on June 22nd.

BETTY ATKINSON : For Showing that Blondes Can be Beautiful While Airborne.

Betty Atkinson, who spends most of her time at the Empire Pool, Wembley, ice show of Ivor Novello's *Dancing Years*, doing such sensational things as this butterfly leap, leaves her audience gasping, fully convinced her next feat will be impossible ! The cameraman stopped her in mid-flight with a ten-thousandth second photo-flash—probably the only way she *could* be stopped at such a moment.

"The Sketch

WEST—PORTMAN : At the Church of Saint-Joseph, Avenue Hoche, Paris, on June 29th : Miss Davina Portman, granddaughter of the seventh Viscount Portman, to Mr. Peter West, son of Major-General West, who is a cousin of the Marquis de la Garde.

BURNHAM—VINCENT : At St. James's, Piccadilly, on June 22nd : Miss Felicity Vincent, to Mr. Peter Burnham. This was the church's first wedding since it was bombed in 1940.

McGILL—MAY: At St. Augustine's, Croydon, on June 26th : TV announcer Miss Pamela May, of Old Farm Cottage, Croydon, to Dr. Dennis McGill, of Guy's Hospital.

ROBERTS—GARNET CLARK : At the chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge, on June 19th : Miss Idina Garnet Clark, to Dr. Fulton Roberts—the first wedding of a Fellow of the College to be held there

GUINNESS—von URACH : At Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, on July 3rd : Princess Marie-Gabrielle von Urach, Countess of Wurtemburg, to the Hon. Desmond Guinness, son of Lord Moyne and his first wife, the Hon. Lady Mosley.

HUTLEY—MORRIS-COX : At All Souls', Langham Place, on June 19th : Miss Ann Mary Morris-Cox, of Hadley Wood, to Mr. Peter Hutley, of Woodhay, Hadley Wood.

JUDD—MILLAR : At St. Thomas More's, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, on July 1st : Miss Sarah Millar, of Tewes, to Mr. John Judd, of Mace's Place, Rickling, Essex.

Wedding Album

BREHAT—ARAGONA CORTEZ : At St. Agnese Church, Rome, on June 26th : Princess Giovanna Pignatelli Aragona Cortez and French actor Georges Brehat receive the blessing after the ceremony of exchanging rings.

SAWYER-SHAW—CUZNER : At the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, on July 2nd : Miss Joy Cuzner, to Mr. David Sawyer-Shaw. Guest at the wedding was the bride's poodle.

ASQUITH—EVANS : At the Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, on July 2nd : ballerina Miss Meriel Evans, to the Hon. Luke Asquith, elder son of Lord Asquith of Bishopstone.

ANDREW—MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL : At Farnham Parish Church on June 24th : Miss Bridget Montgomery Campbell, to Dr. Richard Andrew, of Ipswich.

PRICE-THOMAS—RICHARDS : At Hampstead Parish Church on June 28th : Miss Margaret Rose Richards, to Mr. Brian Price-Thomas, son of Sir Clement Price-Thomas.

COUCHMAN—PAASIKIVI : In Helsinki, Finland, on June 26th : Miss Sinikka Paasikivi, daughter of the President of Finland, to Mr. Mark Couchman, an estate agent who lives in Maidstone, Kent.

HAMBRO—COTTERELL : At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 1st : Miss Rose Cotterell, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell, to Mr. Charles Hambro, son of banker Sir Charles Hambro.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

A Car for the Connoisseur

CONTINENTAL motor-cars have, throughout the history of motoring, seemed to offer something for the connoisseur. I do not say that meaning to imply that our own British cars cannot do the same, but I suppose it is reasonable to assume that, for a motorist to go in for a foreign make, it must offer some features which British cars lack. Therefore it was with special interest that I took over a Simca *Aronde* for a week-end.

The *Aronde* is an attractive, neat car. The saloon I tried was a four-door four-seater. The engine is of 1221 c.c. capacity and it gives 45 b.h.p. at 4500 r.p.m. The line is pleasing and obviously Continental; it is a style that has been praised in these notes several times. The interior is nicely trimmed, and the combination of cloth and leather upholstery is pleasing and comfortable. The bench front-seat is admirably adjustable, and the driving position good. The instruments (a large, semi-circular speedometer with petrol gauge and the usual warning lights) are in full view of the driver through the single-spoke steering-wheel. The two glove-boxes have spring-loaded lids. The switches are in a single row below the facia, and there is an anti-theft gear lock built into the column-mounted gear change.

The headlamp dip-switch is splendid. It is a slim lever mounted very conveniently below the steering-wheel. And it has another advantage too. When on side-lamps, the movement of this dip-switch brings the headlamps on in the dipped position. That is useful, and it has the other result that one never switches on headlamps to find they are on full main beam and thus dazzle the cars approaching before one hastily dips them! That is much better than the useless main-beam warning light we have on many British cars.

Out on the road, the Simca *Aronde* showed me where its attraction lay. The steering and road-holding are exceptional. The steadiness and lack of roll on corners taken fast was remarkable. On an unfamiliar, twisty, cross-country route, it enabled me to put up a remarkable average speed. The engine certainly gives its power well and smoothly without fuss, and the gear-change enabled me to profit by the engine's liking for high revs.

On this twisty road, the car was admirable, although it took me a little time to become accustomed to the brakes. At first it seemed that they would not stop well enough, but with experience I found them really good once I was used to the feel of the heavier pedal.

I would put the petrol consumption in the region of 35 m.p.g. This brings me to another point. This car was very kindly loaned to me by an old friend and one-time colleague, Mr. Clive Walker, of Cheltenham. Mr. Walker entered this actual car in the recent International Fuel Economy Contest run by the Cheltenham Motor Club, and in the hands of Gordon Wilkins and Alan Gascoine, it returned a figure of 70.8 m.p.g.; as it was weighted up to about a full load of five persons, it gave a figure of 90 ton miles per gallon.

Returning to the car itself, there are several other points about it which I like. The spare wheel, mounted in the ample boot, is on a hinged bracket which makes removal of the wheel very easy. The electrical equipment is of more than one make, and if you wish, you can change from one make to the other.

So I would place this *Aronde* in a high position in any list of cars, be it for the connoisseur or not. It sells at a price of £896 odd, which includes P.T. of £264 odd. At that price it is close to the M.G. *Magnette* and the Wolseley 4/44.

CURRENT TOPICS

Unfrequented Byways

I REMEMBER last year how much I suffered when driving down to Cornwall for the family holiday, taken by compulsion during the school holiday period when the roads are at their busiest. Never again, I vowed. Jam after jam—in fact, one long jam.

The two alternatives for those who are thus obliged to motor at the same time are to go by night or to take less-frequented routes. I propose to work a combination of these, starting about 5 a.m. and following my own route, which avoids all the places where I suffered most last year. The mileage works out at about 10 per cent. extra and is all through enjoyable scenery.

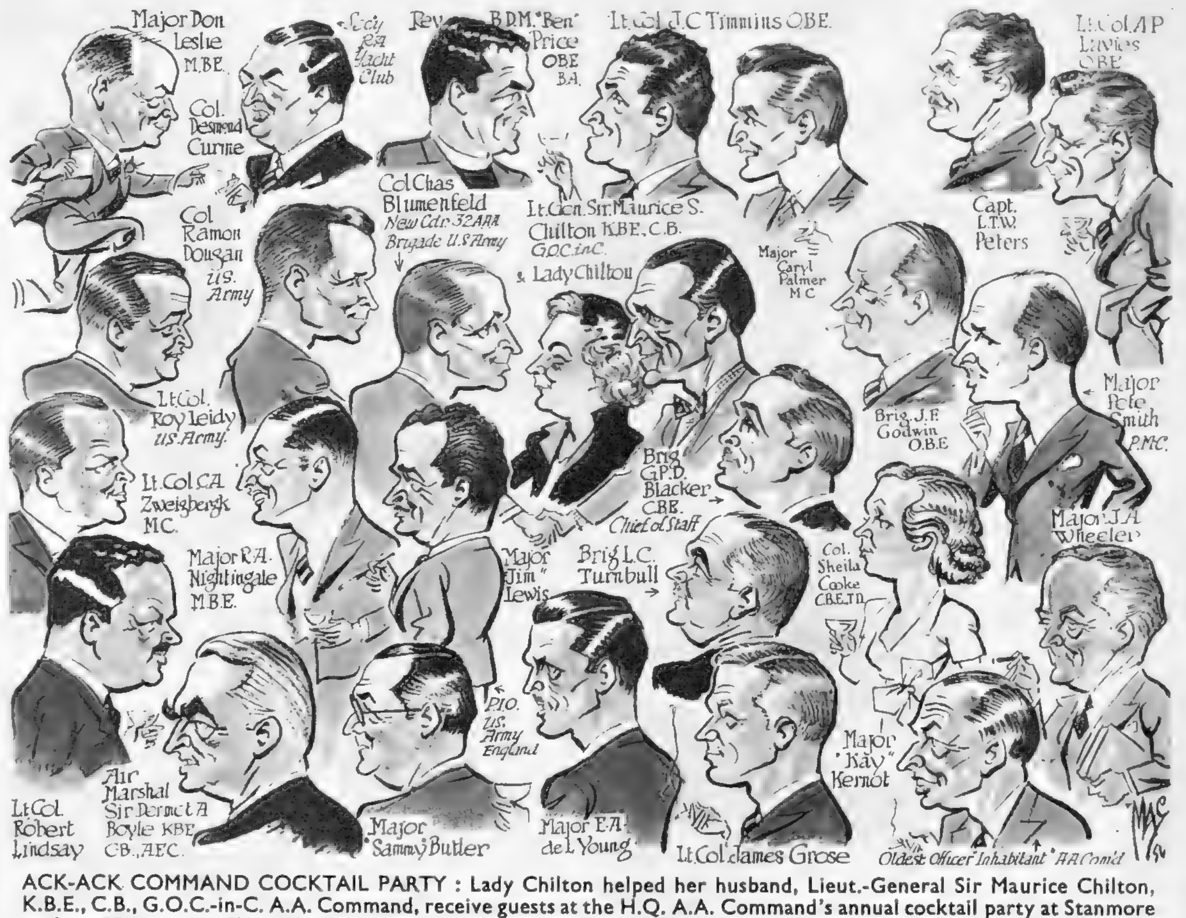
Pedestrian Crossings

THE new regulations for Pedestrian Crossings are now in force. There are a number of "ifs" and "ors" about them. I only hope the Ministry of Transport and the police will see that pedestrians know that at police-controlled crossings they have no priority.

M.I.R.A.

THOSE of you who saw the Television programme from M.I.R.A. at Lindley a couple of weeks ago may recall the closing shot of a motor-coach going round the high-speed track well up on the banking. Believe it or not, it was doing well over 70 m.p.h.

Although restricted in this country to 30 miles an hour, on the Continent and in the U.S.A. these vehicles are constantly running at speeds well over 60. Our manufacturers need that high-speed track to prepare their splendid coaches for overseas markets. And how safe and steady they are, with steering and brakes well up to such speeds! Mind you, they have proper roads in those enlightened countries. Not the lanes that masquerade under the name of Trunk Roads here.



ACK-ACK COMMAND COCKTAIL PARTY: Lady Chilton helped her husband, Lieut.-General Sir Maurice Chilton, K.B.E., C.B., G.O.C.-in-C. A.A. Command, receive guests at the H.Q. A.A. Command's annual cocktail party at Stanmore on June 25th. Artist "Mac" says the party was highly successful, and the showery weather which confined festivities to the Officers' Mess instead of out of doors as planned, did not dampen any other part of the proceedings!

Mrs. Norah Owen, our Fashion Editress, presenting *The Sketch* Cup to Mrs. Diana Maidment. The award was to the most highly-placed competitor in the Concours d'Elegance, who had also competed in the Rally Driving Tests in the same car. Mrs. Maidment, wearing sports clothes, had travelled in Mr. Charles Maidment's Jaguar XK120.

The judges of the Midnight Concours d'Elegance : (*l. to r.*) the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, President ; Mrs. D. McDonald Hobley ; Professor A. M. Low, Chairman ; Mr. and Mrs. Claude Wallis ; Mrs. Norah Owen.

ELEGANCE AT EASTBOURNE

For the eighth year, the British Automobile Racing Club held its Annual Rally at Eastbourne, ending in a Ball and Midnight Concours d'Elegance at the Winter Garden Ballroom, at which Mrs. Norah Owen, Fashion Editress of *The Sketch*, was one of the judges. This year there was a large entry of open cars, including several Austin-Healeys, with lady passengers dressed in bright and appropriate sports clothes. With the closed-car classes, evening dresses predominated, and the winner of the Grand Prix d'Honneur was Mrs. J. Enstone, wearing a ball-dress and mink stole, in her husband's Bentley Saloon.

A competitor in a Closed Cars Class, Miss Patti Morgan, in Commander C. W. B. Milner's Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* Saloon.

The car that won *The Sketch* Cup, Mr. Charles Maidment's Jaguar XK120, 1951 model, leaving the ballroom.

Above: Allan, Christina and Ewen Cameron are the children of Major and Mrs. Allen Cameron, of Lochiel, Allangrange, Munlochy, Ross-shire, and grandchildren of the late Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and of the Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel.

Sons and Daughters

Right: Lady Louisa Cathcart is six years of age, and, with her younger sister and little brother, lives with her father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Cathcart, at Sandridge, Stoke Gabriel, in South Devon.

Anita Forsyth-Forrest, of Newbury. Mrs. Forsyth-Forrest is a granddaughter of the late Duke of Westminster: her husband manages Mr. Herbert Blagrave's famous Harwood Stud.

Gerard and Jeremy are the children of violinist Yehudi Menuhin, and live with their father and mother, the former ballet dancer, Diana Gould, at Alma, Alma Bridge, Los Gatos, California.

Charles is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Reid Dick and grandson of sculptor Sir William Reid Dick. His mother is the eldest daughter of Lady Manning, of Hampton Court Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin came over from their home at Vevey for the ball.

Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues waiting to receive their guests. The Comtesse is a daughter of Lady Latta, widow of shipping magnate the late Sir John Latta.

Mme. Roy Hunzinger, *left*, with Mrs. Charles Goodwin, wife of the former British Consul-General in Zurich.

ELYSÉE BALL, LAUSANNE

The annual Elysée Ball, the great social event of the year in French Switzerland, was held a fortnight ago at historic Chateau d'Elysée in Ouchy-Lausanne, once the residence of Mme. Recamier and Mme. de Stael and now in the possession of the Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues. Inclement weather prevented outdoor dancing and also lessened the numbers of English guests who flew over for the occasion, but the ball, held in aid of the French Charitable Society, was nevertheless successful in raising over £1000 for this good cause.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by F. J. Goodman.

The Marquise de Cramayel, daughter-in-law of the Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, with Dr. François Nicod.

Mme. Ange Rialland, *left*, wife of the French Consul-General in Lausanne, with the Comtesse de Martimprey.

Count John de Bendern, former Amateur British Golf Champion, dancing with his lovely young wife.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Two Sorts of Russian Salad

NIGHT PEOPLE

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

THE people of the title are the Russians in Berlin, and what they do at night is mostly dirty work, according to Hollywood's Nunnally Johnson, who produced, directed and wrote the screenplay of this CinemaScope film.

The dirty work begins before the main title, in one of those pictorial prefaces that are all the fashion nowadays. A young U.S. Corporal is kidnapped, after lingering in a dark street to kiss his German girl-friend good-night not once but several times. He disappears into the Eastern sector, and it falls to the lot of Gregory Peck, a Colonel in the Provost-Marshal's office, to trace his whereabouts and return him to the U.S. Army as diplomatically as possible. In this the Colonel is not helped by the arrival of the boy's father (Broderick Crawford), a big business-man from the Middle West, who blusters into Berlin with the backing of four Governors, seventeen Senators, fifteen Congressmen, four ex-Colonels and an ex-General, to teach the security officers how to do their jobs and get a bit of action around here.

Mr. Peck, however, is not to be stampeded, and before long he has the tycoon eating out of his hand and registering contrition. With the help of a blonde Mata Hari (Anita Bjork, the girl from *Miss Julie*), with whom the Colonel seems to be on easy terms, the Corporal is traced, and the conditions for his return are stated. The Russians, it seems, are anxious to swap him for a blind German General and his middle-aged English wife, who plays the piano rather drearily in a West Berlin restaurant. The couple are wanted, for obviously nasty reasons, by a clutch of Himmler's S.S. boys, now busily co-operating with the Soviet Union. What shall an upstanding, clean-limbed, conscientious and square-jawed American security officer do in this tricky situation? Sacrifice the kid? Sacrifice the pathetic old folks? Make a superhuman effort and save the lot?

The course that Mr. Peck pursues seems fairly drastic, but since the director himself describes *Night People* as "Dick Tracy in Berlin," we are entitled, perhaps, to regard it in the light of a vigorous comic strip (even though one English trade paper does testify earnestly to its "serious theme," "calm approach" and "almost documentary realism.")

This is a good-looking piece, and quite a lot of it shows symptoms of intelligence. There is one thing about it, though, that puzzles me. The Russians want the elderly couple. Right. They have no interest in the Corporal except as a hostage. Right. They are prepared to cross into the Western zone to do their kidnapping. Right. Then why not simply kidnap the feeble, elderly couple, who could be picked up on their way home from the restaurant, with the minimum of trouble, any dark night? Why bother with the Corporal?

TRIO-BALLET

(Rialto)

It seems only fairity, as George Bernard Shaw's Alfred Doolittle might have said, to take an occasional look at Russian life from another point of view.

Nobody can deny the accomplishment of the Russian ballet; even if some of us do believe our own Margot Fonteyn to be the greatest ballerina in the world to-day; even if a few people are still left to sigh for the lost golden age of Pavlova, Karsavina, Diaghilev and Nijinsky.

Of all the screen versions of Soviet ballet which have found their way to London within recent years, *Trio-Ballet* is probably the most satisfactory and instructive. It consists of extracts from *The Flame of Paris* (an odd modern piece about the French Revolution), *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* (with an oriental background, from a poem by Pushkin), and our dear old friend *Swan Lake* (with Petipa's original choreography slightly adapted by Constantine Sergeyev, who dances the Prince). Galina Ulanova, one of the most impeccable dancers on the modern stage, who has been drawing packed houses to the Friedrichstadt Palace in East Berlin for weeks, appears in the second and third ballets of the trio.

The *pièce de resistance* is, of course, *Swan Lake*. I suppose this is just about the best-known ballet in the world. Proof of its value is that it hardly ever turns out to be a bore. The more one sees it, the more one wants to see it. Connoisseurs of the versions danced in this country will be intrigued by the adaptation produced by the Bolshoi Theatre for the cinema.

The style is an odd mixture of the classical–historic and the cinematographic modern, with superimposed swans floating or flapping their way across the screen, to keep the eyes occupied and the mind soothed during pauses in the dancing.

This is a device that may take your fancy or may not. It didn't take mine; but in all fairness it must be said that it is never allowed to interfere with the choreography of the ballet itself. Mme. Ulanova breaks with tradition by confining herself to the rôle of Odette, which she dances with cool, crystalline and almost impudently immaculate simplicity. Mme. Dudinskaya takes over the mocking, metallic virtuosities of Odile, and the sharp diversity in dancing character persuades one to wonder if, after all, the traditional doubling of the rôle is really the best notion.

The print of *Trio-Ballet* shown here is a poor one. The sound-track is not all it might be, and the colour is far from reliable. The *corps de ballet* is far more impressive than the *décor*. But, with all its faults, *Trio-Ballet* is an interesting film, in that it makes a lively and arguable thing out of the idiom of ballet, and gives us action-pictures of a great artist whom, in person, we may never have a chance to see.

BEAUTIFUL STRANGER: In the new *Marksman* film opening at the Leicester Square Theatre to-morrow (July 15th), Ginger Rogers takes a pottery lesson from her real-life husband, the French actor Jacques Bergerac. Herbert Lom and Stanley Baker are also starred in the film.

HAPPY EVER AFTER

(Empire)

Except that I should disparage a juvenile classic, I would say that this English jape about Irish village life strikes me as somewhere round the level of Billy Bunter. The old squire (A. E. Matthews) dies, having put his ancient horse once too often at a too-high wall. The new squire (David Niven) is a cad. His name is Jasper; he comes from foreign parts; and the way he behaves towards the tenants leaves them no choice but to moider him as soon as possible. Their unsuccessful attempts to do so have some of the cast in faints and most of the audience in stitches; but I really couldn't recommend this farce as adult entertainment, except that it's nice to see TV's Noelle Middleton in colour on a full-sized screen.

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE

(Plaza)

Shirley Booth, who won an Oscar (Best Actress of 1952) for *Come Back, Little Sheba*, does a brave job again here, in spite of sentimental and often embarrassing material. The story, told confusingly with off-screen commentary and constant flash-backs, concerns a middle-aged woman who spends six weeks of every year on seaside holiday with a married man (Robert Ryan). He eventually dies on V-J-Day, and leaves her enough money to buy a boarding-house. We recognize their relationship to be platonic, in spite of a chaste annual kiss at meeting and parting, on account of the way the heroine consistently addresses her boy-friend as "*Mr. Leslie, Honey*," and the long intimate evenings they spend discussing with passion the strategy of the American Civil War.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Headlong into the Sun

Summer hair styles vary from the "wide-headed" look, with hair dressed to give width to the head, to the closely-cut and curled, youthful-looking head, which is easy to keep tidy in warm weather, and looks attractive with play-clothes and summer dresses. Here is an example of widely-dressed hair above a cool, calm brow. *René*, Davies Street.

(Continued overleaf)

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Headlong into the Sun

A style for any age, with closely-dressed side hair and short flick curls, the brow-line softened with a claw fringe. *Steiner*, Grosvenor Street.

The " wide " look. Hair brushed outwards to give breadth to the head, in the Italian manner. *Richard Henry*, Kings Road, Chelsea.

Longer hair, cleverly styled in waves, wi cross-cutting, and brushed-up curls in t neck. *Andreas*, Albemarle Street.

Charmingly casual, with waves and tendril curls on the brow and over the ears. *Daphne Vernon*, Knightsbridge.

Very short hair, delightful for summer weather, brushed upwards, with the tiniest suggestion of a fringe. *Vasco*, Dover Street.

A beautifully shaped head of hair, casually curled and brushed forward. Ideal for summery days. *Antoine*, Dover Street.

Closely-cut and shaped hair, easily groomed during summer days in the sun and the sea. *Truefitt and Hill,* Old Bond Street.

A softened version of the Eton crop, with brushed curls round the face. Easily groomed and pretty. *Alan Spiers,* Berkeley Square.

Longer, straighter hair, swept back from the face and brushed up softly in the nape of the neck. *French of London,* Curzon Place.

Short hair, gay and young in style, tapered in the nape of the neck, with a forward movement in front. *Biagio,* Knightsbridge.

Short hair, designed for easy care during holiday weather, and inspired by Georgian men's hair styles. *Riché,* Hay Hill.

Right :
A heart-shaped effect is given to this hair style. Width at the temple is created by "dove wings" of softly flicked curls, which graduate into the nape of the neck. The brow is softened by a pretty, broken fringe. *Raymond,* Grafton Street and Knightsbridge.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

This summer afternoon dress that converts to a cocktail or informal evening dress is in two pieces. For afternoons, a small blouse with sleeves and a shawl collar is worn with the basic sleeveless dress. This basic dress has a low neck and a wide skirt, with fullness at the sides. In black-and-pink, or black-and-pale-blue, spotted rayon organza. Price 10 gns., from the *Budget Shop*, *Liberty*. The large black leghorn hat, trimmed with velvet, is from Liberty's Millinery Department.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

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Strictly for the Well-Dressed Man

Blue in the Evening

TOO many Western films in my youth, and books about tight-corseted Edwardian majors with dyed moustaches, have left me with a conventional image of the fashionable male figure. The torso, I have believed, should be V-shaped, with very wide shoulders and a very small waist; it should be light brown all over, and ripple with muscular development. This ideal has no resemblance to my own figure or those of any of my friends, but one does not expect the ideal to coincide with reality.

So I went to the 1954 Display of Men's Fashions at Hutchinson House, expecting to find it filled with rangey figures in high boots and ten-gallon hats (or in riding-breeches and busbies), their V-shaped torsos lightly but unconvincingly draped in gaberdine or twill. They would lean on a bar, I thought, and ask for two fingers of red-eye, or they would ogle the young ladies of the audience, horsewhip a few cads, and leave for Africa to shoot lions.

But it was not quite like that. Instead, we sat on the edges of fragile gilt chairs, and listened to two genial gentlemen with the accents and attack of B.B.C. commentators, who, at separate microphones, introduced the models and commented on what they were wearing. "You'll notice," one of them would say, "that the trouser leg is two inches narrower." And I, sitting in the fourth row, would peer at the faultless drape of a trouser leg, and assume the expression of a very young music-lover trying to appreciate Stravinsky.

Indeed, there is not much that is startling to report. Tailors seem to be shy of anything so easy to parody as the Edwardian modes that spread so quickly and so disastrously. The trend, in so far as a layman can guess it, seems to be towards a style more remote in time—to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—but the rococo Regency lapels of some of the waistcoats are usually concealed by double-breasted jackets. One can say only that trouser legs are becoming more narrow, and, if I may quote, "single-breasted and double-breasted styles are favoured for town suits and dinner jacket suits."

Perhaps the most admirable and magnificent piece of Regency high flummery was an evening dress cape of midnight blue, called *The Diplomat.* (All the evening clothes were made in midnight blue:—"Seems to be the thing," said one commentator, and the other replied, "It always was, wasn't it?" leaving those of us whose dress clothes are black, feeling just a little tatty.) We have printed a picture of *The Diplomat* on this page; it has a high Regency collar, and is lined with royal blue satin. All the ladies in the audience cried, "Ah!" as the model threw open the cloak to display the lining, and there was a burst of applause. "Can't fancy wearing it though," said the hard-boiled young reporter from a Sunday paper, who sat next to me.

I could bear, I thought wistfully, to wear the "lounging" outfit (the lower picture on this page), a burgundy single-breasted blazer with "toning" trousers of fine worsted twill, and a silk scarf, carelessly tied. But who can lounge in these times? I thought of a burgundy blazer in the hen-house, of toning trousers washing up the breakfast dishes. "Lounging," it seemed to me, was something done by odalisques on a divan, and did not come easily to hard-working city men, lawyers, or journalists at week-ends. My own Saturday-morning costume will continue, alas! to be blue jeans and a torn shirt.

What of the models themselves? They are not, as their feminine counterparts are, models by profession, specially trained to look, stand, and sit in a special way, to smooth a piece of silk, swirl about the audience, and give somehow the impression of an aloofness that makes one feel that they aren't really there at all. Our male models, not noticeably V-shaped, but of a pleasant appearance, came out and stood still, moved when they were told, smiled at friends in the audience, and looked, as one might expect, just a little embarrassed by the whole thing. Two were Australians, one French-Canadian, two English. The French-Canadian, Guy des Rochers, had come over to learn the language, and announced cheerfully that he was leaving for Hollywood on the morrow. Buck Braynard, one Australian, intends to be a concert baritone; Brendan Toomey, the other, has played in a couple of films with Alan Ladd. One of the Englishmen, Howard Pays, has spent four years in repertory, and plans to stage two plays of his own at the New Lindsey Theatre Club in the autumn. Another, John Forbes Robertson, bears a very distinguished theatrical name.

And the audience? At Fashion Shows for Women, our Fashion Editress tells me, the ladies chatter happily as one model succeeds another, but *our* tongues were tied and only the photographers stood gleefully on chairs as town suits were followed by country suits, and comedy was injected by a leather-patched shooting-jacket worn brashly by a young man with a shot-gun, which he held, for part of the time, barrel upwards. The beautiful midnight blues, the Ascot topper, frock coat and stock, the tails and white tie—awe induced silence, for none of us could rival the models in elegance.

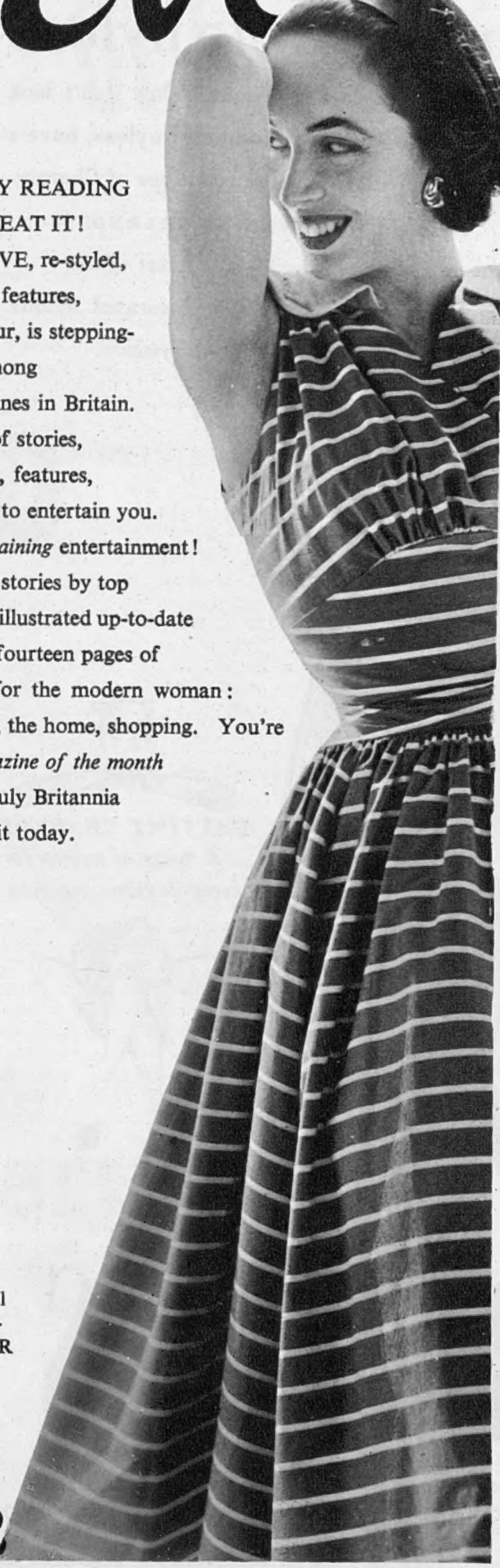
AS I left Hutchinson House, the group of models was being photographed by the daily news-hawks. "Over here!" one photographer said to me, "You're just in time." I did not reply—there seemed no words to say—but there was a lounging sort of casualness in my gait as I walked down Piccadilly, and smoothed the lapels of my not-very-Regency Lovat tweed jacket.

JOHN BOWEN.

Burgundy single-breasted blazer, with "toning" trousers of fine worsted twill. John G. Hardy, Ltd. Scarf by Hawes and Curtis, Ltd., 2, Burlington Gardens.

BRITANNIA and

Eve



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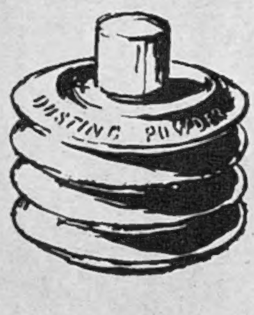

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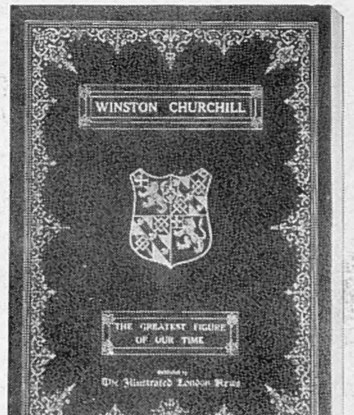
Despite the greatness of this man and despite the debt the whole world owes to him, few of us, if the truth be told, know of Winston Churchill's background—his early days, and his kaleidoscopic career in the years leading up to the Second World War.



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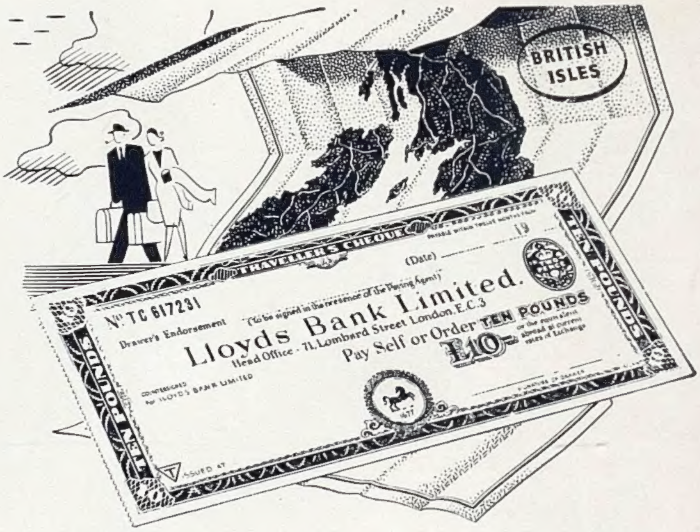

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